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Yet woe to the literary magazine which in this our commercial country eschews all prattle of industrious penmen! So, at least, say the daring souls who have launched periodical upon periodical only to see them succumb to the competition of the newspaper. Only the *Bookman* survives—a survival, we believe, due in a great meas-

ure to the combination of journalistic instinct and literary taste possessed by Mr. Arthur Bartlett Maurice, who, in his always interesting "Chronicle and Comment," steers craftily between the Scylla of fatuous exploitation and the Charybdis of stodgy and sterile fact. Illustrations, of course, help the *Bookman* mightily. Could any periodical, without pictures, live by literature alone? The answer is at hand: The *Dial*, of Chicago, does. The *Dial*, of Chicago, has lived by literature alone, lo! these thirty years—conducted by the original founder, edited by its first editor. Nearly all the English reviews look to politics, to public affairs, as well as to letters. But to letters alone is the *Dial* devoted. This month of May marks its thirtieth birthday—the natal day of a journal known seventy years ago as the *Dial*, of Boston—a journal edited for four years by Margaret Fuller, and including among its contributors Emerson and Thoreau. Its continuous and prosperous conduct in Chicago, since its revival in 1880 in a course of dignity without dulness, and with a regard for timeliness without triviality, seems to us a very considerable achievement. Our congratulations to Mr. Francis Fisher Browne—printer, poet, lawyer, editor, publisher; once a mere New Englander, but long and latitudinously of Chicago and California—the bowels and red blood of our continent. The West is really a wonderful place when you come to know it; and that has been our good fortune.

W. T. Larned.

From

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## AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

Mr. William Archer has a sharp eye for things American. Viewing us from afar, and sojourning "in our midst," he has used it to good purpose, and has recorded in singularly clear terms the results of his observation. His vision is not altogether free from astigmatism, but it is both steady and penetrating. While Mr. Archer is particularly concerned with matters pertaining to his *métier* as critic of the drama and student of the technical problems of the playhouse, he is more than a specialist in this restricted field, and has envisaged many other scenes and situations. He has discoursed upon our manners and our morals, he has presented us with a solution of our negro problem, and he has rushed into the conflict that rages about our spelling of the English language,—not taking, we regret to say, the side of the angels. His latest contribution to our enlightenment upon our own affairs—and, incidentally, to the enlightenment of his fellow Britons by the method of comparison—is found in a study of "The American Cheap Magazine," contributed to "The Fortnightly Review." The study should please us, on the whole, because it redounds to the credit of American enterprise. Mr. Archer says:

"Of the many differences between America and England which do not altogether minister to our national self-complacency, none is more striking than the contrast between our sixpenny monthlies and the ten-cent or fifteen-cent magazines that crowd the American bookstalls. On the surface, the contrast is most humiliating, and though, when we look below the surface, we shall find reasons which diminish its significance, it remains, when all is said and done, a disquieting phenomenon."

In making this comparative study, Mr. Archer deliberately excludes fiction from his purview,—in the first place, because he seldom reads magazine fiction; and in the second place, because he thinks it is very much the same in quality on both sides of the ocean. His interest is in that section of the contents which may be described, if euphemistically, as serious, in order to give it a name which shall distinguish it from the mere products of invention. Now he finds, broadly speaking, that the "serious" features of the English sixpenny magazines are

"magnified and scarcely glorified tit-bits," and "articles on everything that can pass the time for an idle brain, and cannot possibly matter either to the individual or the nation." In the American popular magazines he finds, on the other hand, "articles of absorbing and illuminating interest," the type of contribution which is "a richly-documented, soberly-worded study in contemporary history, concentrating into ten or twelve pages matter which could much more easily be expanded into a book ten or twelve times as long." Of the group of a half-dozen or so of magazines thus referred to, he says:

"There is nothing quite like them in the literature of the world—no periodicals which combine such width of popular appeal with such seriousness of aim and thoroughness of workmanship."

Having introduced his subject with these general propositions, Mr. Archer proceeds to the task of specific illustration. He takes some two dozen recent numbers of the magazines in question, analyzes their contents, and presents them in a classified arrangement. The lengthy list of titles selected includes such as Judge Lindsey's "The Beast and the Jungle," Judge Gaynor's "The Looting of New York," General Bingham's articles about the New York police, a group exposing the political corruption of San Francisco, a group upon the Pinchot-Ballinger dispute, Miss Tarbell's "Where the Shoe is Pinched" and "A Tariff-Made City," "A Carnival of Graft," "The Negro in Politics," "A Continent Despoiled," "The Ominous Hush in Europe," "The Terror on Europe's Threshold," "Barbarous Mexico," and "Spiking down an Empire." These examples are taken from the political groups; under the head of social topics we find mention of "The Case against Trinity," "Blasting the Rock of Ages," "The Godlessness of New York," "Beating Men to Make Them Good," "What Eight Million Women Want," "The Bird Tribute to Vanity," and "Divorce and Public Welfare." Still other groups cite "The Vampire of the South," "The Sacrifice of the Innocents," "Does the Weather Bureau Make Good?" "On the Trail of the Ghost," "The Lure of Gold," and "The Indecent Stage."

We have given only a small part of Mr. Archer's list, but it is enough to make us understand why an Englishman should rub his eyes at the spectacle of a magazine activity which leaves the enterprise of his own country so far behind. But we think our critic takes the entire manifestation a little too seriously. It is true that these are all serious subjects, and

it is also true that almost every article in the list is the product of an extended investigation and of an amount of labor far out of proportion to the ten or twelve pages that the article fills. But those of us who for a series of years have had these articles as a steady diet have come to realize that their fundamental note is sensationalism, and that the underlying motive for their multiplication is commercial rather than philanthropic. The instinctive common sense of the American people has labelled them as "muck-raking" productions, and an instinctive optimism has discounted their lurid imaginings by about ninety per cent. They have stirred us up, no doubt, and often in profitable ways; but their bias and exaggeration, their determination to make sensational points at no matter what sacrifice of sobriety, have prevented them from having much influence over serious-minded people. They have aroused emotional rather than reflective natures; and this is a dangerous thing to do. Mr. Archer thinks that these articles have been "an incalculable force for good," of which we are by no means sure; but he admits that they exhibit the logical weakness of "an insufficient thinking-out of the fundamental ideas on which their crusade is based." To our mind a much more fatal weakness is found in their attitude of *parti pris*, in their assumption that everything is either black or white, and in their unblushing appeal to prejudice. Some of them are doubtless comparatively free from these faults; but since Mr. Archer seems to cover them with a blanket approval, we feel bound to suggest that the opposing point of view is likely to result in a sounder judgment.

Mr. Archer wishes that the English magazines might follow the example thus set them on this side of the water; and if they were to follow it in moderation the enterprise would probably be desirable. There are subjects enough for exploitation at the English editor's hand, if only he realized his opportunities. The reasons why he does not make the venture are two in number, and are thus stated:

"The mildest of the progressive magazines, if its matter applied to England and were published in England, would beget such a monthly crop of libel suits as would bring unheard-of prosperity to the legal profession."

Furthermore, the English cheap magazines

"have neither the circulation nor the advertisements which would enable them to pay for it. The American editor will pay more for a single article than an English editor would pay for the whole matter of one of his numbers."

These reasons are pretty nearly prohibitive, as

we may easily understand. But if the English public cannot benefit by the freedom (degenerating into license) of our American editors, and by the gambling spirit which controls their expenditure, it has its own organs for the discussion of serious public concerns. If we could support in this country a group of monthlies like "The Contemporary," "The Fortnightly," and "The Nineteenth Century," and a group of weeklies like "The Spectator," "The Nation," and "The Saturday Review," we would gladly exchange for them the whole galaxy of our muck-raking magazines. Sobriety, in the long run, is more effective than sensationalism as an agency of reform, and writing that appeals to the intelligence has a farther-reaching and more lasting influence than writing that appeals chiefly to the emotions.

#### THE CHARM OF GUIDE BOOKS.

I have often wondered that in his catalogue of "books which are no books" (comprising "Court Calendars, Directories, Draught Boards bound and lettered on the back, Almanacs, Statutes at Large," and other *biblia a-biblia*), Charles Lamb did not include Guide Books. To be sure, there were but few such in his day. Travelling was expensive and wearisome, and the booksellers had but little inducement to forestall Baedeker. Guide Books indubitably there were, but it is a question whether the gentle Elia ever held one in his hand. To-day, however, every library of even tolerable pretensions has (not boasts) its topmost or lowermost shelf of red-covered books, mute and inglorious discarded companions of wanderings by sea and by land. A brand-new Guide Book is, at the best, but endured as an intellectual *vade mecum*; a Guide Book out-of-date is poor company indeed.

Now, perhaps from sheer contrariness, I want to say a good word for these cast-off fellow-travellers, these humble, dusty, upper-shelfed volumes, whose titles are the indexes, it may be, of happy days when we were younger, and Europe and Egypt and even the more distant portions of our own continent were still to us a land of dreams. I could dwell on the memories that are embalmed in these well-thumbed little volumes: on the faded ivy leaf that still marks the page devoted to Rydal Mount; the pressed fern that grew "in the crannies" of the Coliseum; the blood-red field-lily from the shadow of Rachel's Tomb. But just now I am not concerned with the sentimental value of Guide Books, rather with their power to interest and amuse from an entirely impersonal standpoint.

What more delicious reading for a weary brain than this local "Surrey"? Opening at random, I find myself not far from Dorking—"an admirable halting-place for the pedestrian, who might stay here

for a month and find a new walk every day." Then follow the directions for roads and foot-paths, "along the ridge of the downs," "over Milton Heath," "through the woods to Deepdene," or "under the fir-clad Ridland Hill." The very names are soothing, and as we wander through English meadows and lanes the thought of pestilential problems, of financial crises, of ward politics, are less insistent than the piping of the redbreast in the holly-bush, or the plashing of the waterfall by the moss-grown mill beside our path.

For practical assistance in the matter of topography, history, and, to some extent, local color, the Guide Book is far superior to the gazetteer. Where, for instance, can so much condensed information as to modern or ancient Egypt be found as in the little red-covered volume which has been the butt of so many shafts of ridicule, launched by novelists who are not ashamed of drawing very long bows indeed? If you want to learn about your own country, read one of those small German Guides, and be wise. Are you puzzled by a newspaper despatch from some obscure hamlet of Norway or Austria, your Guide Book, with its faithful maps, sets you right.

In the older specimens of this despised class of literature are quaint directions and suggestions redolent of other days. My own earliest trip to Europe was in 1873; and I remember that one of the first oddities I encountered was fractional silver, I having been "brought up," so to speak, entirely on paper scrip, which was in use here between 1862 and 1875. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in Morford's European Guide for 1873 the expenses of the trip reckoned both in currency and gold—the latter, as is expressly stated, "being at 120." The traveller was warned that he "would always be charged for a whole candle" at his hotel, "whether he used it or not." At that time, probably not half a dozen hotels in Europe were lighted throughout by gas. Electric light, of course, was not dreamed of, outside of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," which was published that same year.

In a White Mountain Guide Book of 1869, the reader is told: "Be careful, as soon as you arrive" (at the Crawford House, "a large, new edifice") "to book your name for a horse to Mt. Washington, as often all the ponies are engaged for a day or two beforehand." The Mt. Washington Railroad was opened that summer, but was not connected with the Maine Central, the distance between the lower terminus and Fabyan's being traversed by old-fashioned coaches. The carriage road was completed in 1861. History, by the way, has been repeating itself in 1909. The Western "burro" has been imported, and travellers have once more ridden up the steep old bridle-path from Crawford's to the Summit. Don't forget to book for a burro!

Perhaps the queerest, quaintest old Guide Book I have in my possession is a little volume of about four by five inches, called "La Vera Guida per Chi Viaggia in Italia." It was printed at Rome in 1775,



and is dedicated, in four pages of extra large type, "All' Illustrissimo Signore Tommaso Jenkins"! Who this most illustrious Thomas Jenkins was, I have never been able to ascertain; but I trust he was proud of the honor and of the sturdy little book inscribed with his name. The frontispiece represents a post-carriage with two postillions, and a rider ahead lustily blowing his horn. There are many delightful maps, showing post-roads; needless to say, the old-world geography of the country was practically the same then as now. Included in the general prefatory "Instructions" is a feature which I do not remember finding in Baedeker. "A traveller," says the author, "ought before all things to commit himself to God, without whose assistance every enterprise is vain." And, accordingly, a form for devotions is given forthwith—a humble and rather touching little prayer for the safety of the tourist and of the dear ones he has left behind. A little further on are careful directions how to deal with wolves and bears *en route*. "If the traveller has no arms wherewith to defend himself, he can escape from the peril by striking fire from a flint-and-steel, wolves especially being afraid of fire, *essendo i Lupi specialmente assai timorosi del fuoco*."

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

JUNE ADVICE FROM THE "OLD LIBRARIAN'S ALMANACK" will apply just as well, or as ill, to this year of grace 1910 as to the year 1774 for which it was ostensibly written. On the calendar page we read: "Stand not outdoors, gaping like a ninny at nature. She will take care of herself. Read your books." Seasonable counsel, that, for those who have been stretching their necks and straining their eyes at all hours of the night in search of Halley's Comet. Halley's Comet will take care of itself. In this summer season, with vacation at hand, there is danger of idle and otherwise undesirable visitors to the sacred precincts of the library. Note the following: "No Person younger than 20 years (save if he be a student, of more than 18 years, and vouched by his tutor) is on any pretext to enter the Library. Be suspicious of Women. They are given to the Reading of frivolous Romances, and at all events, their presence in a Library adds little to (if it does not, indeed, detract from) that aspect of Gravity, Seriousness and Learning which is its greatest Glory." More in the same strain is added, but we refrain from quoting further, lest we get into trouble with the New Woman, the Suffragette, and other "advanced" members of the sex, and will content ourselves with one more excerpt. "Let no Politician be in your Library, nor no man who Talks overmuch. It will be difficult for him to observe Silence, and he is objectionable otherwise, as well. No Astrologer, Necromancer, Charlatan, Quack, nor Humbug; no Vendor of Nostrums, nor

Teacher of false Knowledge; no fanatic Preacher nor Refugee. Admit no one of loose or evil Life; prohibit the Gamester, the Gypsy, the Vagrant. . . . See to it that none enter who are Senile, and none who are immature in their Minds, even tho' they have reach'd the requir'd Age." With the advent of summer comes a blessed relief from the season of rush and worry, whereof that worthy bibliothecary, Master Enoch Sneed has written: "I am so beset and bothered by persons insinuating themselves into the Library to get Books that frequently I am near to my Wit's end. There have been days when I was scarce able to read for two Hours consecutive without some Donkey breaking in upon my Peace." Few librarians of the present day, however, will be disposed to take literally Master Jared Bean's advice for the summer season,—"Let no intruder put your ease in doubt; lock fast the door & keep the rascals out."

. . .

THE SUNDAY-NEWSPAPER MONSTROSITY is not without prospect of mitigation. We have long believed it must change or pass. There may be readers willing to spend their Sundays delving in these literary rubbish-heaps,—the fact that they continue to be produced indicates it. But to ordinary self-respecting mortals, who want the important news on Sundays as on other days, and object to being compelled to traverse a wilderness of sensational print and a morass of vulgar pictures to get it, the Sunday paper is a pest and a calamity. A good illustration, which we give at first hand, occurs to us. A prominent journalist was asked by his managing editor what he thought of a certain feature of last Sunday's paper; to which the frank reply was given that he (the journalist) never read the Sunday paper. "Don't you?" said the managing editor, a bit disappointedly,—adding, rather grimly, "Well, I don't blame you,—I wouldn't read it myself if I didn't have to!" The encouraging news comes from Boston of the issue there of a modest one-cent Sunday journal, uniform in character with the same paper's week-day issues, and containing the news of the world, and a sufficiency of other matter, unencumbered with a mass of rubbish. Mr. Frank A. Munsey, founder and proprietor of many magazines, in adding a soberly-restrained Sunday issue to his "Boston Journal," has rendered a service to newspaperdom and to the reading public. He well says in his first number (May 8): "The Sunday newspaper is an illogical product. It is no more a newspaper than it is a magazine, or weekly paper, or comic paper. If we want a newspaper and nothing else, why should we be compelled to buy half a dozen other publications with it? . . . If we want a magazine, why be compelled to buy a comic weekly? If we want a comic weekly, why be compelled to buy a story-paper? If we want a story-paper, why be compelled to buy the cut-out scheme for children? If we want the cut-out scheme, why be compelled to buy a magazine?" The general



public, we believe, will be grateful for this relief, and gladly devote some of the time thus saved to the art gallery, the museum, and the public library reading-room, whose Sunday opening has not been facilitated by the prevalence of the time-consuming Sunday newspaper in its present bloated shape.

. . .

TWO ASPECTS OF LITERARY LEISURE present themselves. Its charms may be those of the siren—seductive and ruinous; or the delights of lettered ease may be productive of worthy works of literature (a "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for example) impossible to one not entirely in command of his time and movements. In the Preface to Volume III. of the "New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare," occur these words from the genial editor's pen: "Can we fail to prize the flashes of light (all too few) thrown here and there upon SHAKESPEARE by CHARLES LAMB, that genius, wasted in the India House, whom, had England known the gift of God, she would have pensioned bountifully and set to recording the thoughts these plays evoked in him that we might be brought into nearer communion with the great Poet than, with all our laborious verbal criticism, we have yet been able to reach?" But can one who knows the life of Lamb and remembers the barren tedium of his later years, when retirement and a handsome pension left him at leisure to record all the beautiful thoughts evoked in him by whatever means, fail to suspect that it was precisely that daily grind at the India House that drove his chafed spirit to seek relief in those exquisite essays that now delight us in the reading as they solaced him in the writing? One of our most charming present-day essayists, not unworthy of mention in the same breath with Elia, is the pastor of a large church and occupied with the varied duties of an extensive parish. What wise person would wish the author of "The Gentle Reader" set free to spin out his thoughts for us at ample leisure and in cold blood?

. . .

AN AMERICAN SEASON IN THE LONDON BOOK-MARKET now cheers the heart and swells the bank account of more than one fortunate Yankee author. Colonel Roosevelt and Commander Parry naturally create a demand for their writings wherever they go; and the English circulation of their works is accordingly very brisk. Mark Twain's lamented death has sent his numerous British admirers back to their "Innocents" and their "Roughing it." The death of another American, the self-expatriated author of the *Saracinesca* series of romances, together with the posthumous appearance of his "Undesirable Government," has made even more evident than before the favor he enjoys among English novel-readers. Considering the number of Mr. Crawford's books and the speed with which they were produced, one must admit that even the later and less carefully studied display an astonishing wealth of resource and mastery of the romancer's art. We long ago learned what sort of characters to expect from his pen, and

what sort of conduct to expect from his characters; but nevertheless they hold the attention to the end. Another London favorite of the hour (and perhaps longer) is Mr. Winston Churchill, whose latest story, "A Modern Chronicle," is having a brisk sale that is expected to be of some continuance. On the whole, American literature seems to be making its way.

. . .

THE REPREHENSIBLE RE-CHRISTENING OF BOOKS, which causes so much annoyance and confusion to the reading public, so many bibliographical blunders to librarians, catalogue-makers, and collectors, and such needless bother to book-dealers, deserves to be scored in the sharpest of terms. How many an admirer of Mr. Thomas Hardy, for example, or of the late Marion Crawford, eager to read every volume from the favorite novelist's pen, has been betrayed by a mere difference of titles (in English and American editions) into buying, borrowing, or begging an already once-read, if not twice-read, tale! A late communication to the London "Athenæum" touches feelingly on this subject in describing a case possessing some peculiar features. "I have been comparing," says the writer, "two novels by Cleveland Moffett, 'A King in Rags,' published by Sidney Appleton in 1908, and 'The Battle,' published by John Milne in 1909. I find that to all intents and purposes they are the same work rearranged. . . . Cases like this are very trying both to librarians and readers."

. . .

A SUMMER RESORT'S SUMPTUOUS LIBRARY is about to be added to the attractions of Great Barrington, among the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts. The present library building in that beautiful town is unworthy of its environment, and its fine site will soon be occupied by a fifty-thousand-dollar structure. This may not mean that the butterflies of fashion who each summer and autumn make gay the streets of the old town will turn blind eyes and deaf ears to the lure of the golf course, the afternoon tea, the evening hop, and the loud-honking automobile, and will all become patrons of the public library; but at least the permanent residents of the place will have the satisfaction of seeing their common stock of the world's best books worthily housed.

. . .

THE INCREASED DEMAND FOR MARK TWAIN'S BOOKS, since his death, is met by his publishers with a large reprinting of "Life on the Mississippi," "A Tramp Abroad," "Roughing It," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "Sketches Old and New." We surmise that the presses will have also to get busy presently with new impressions of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." It is an all too common experience among the frequenters of public libraries, to find no copy of either of these masterpieces on hand. The late Sir Walter Besant was enthusiastic in his praise of "Huckleberry Finn," and there have not been wanting others to rate the book as its author's greatest production. Those who have not yet tasted its delights have a pleasure in store for which they are to be envied.

### The New Books.

#### ESSAYS IN DIVERS MOODS.\*

However stoutly it may be maintained that there is no demand for poetry and essays, yet the poets and essayists are not to be silenced. Like Garrison, they *will* be heard; and it would be an evil day for current literature if they should weaken in this determination. The number and quality of these essay-books and poetry-books continually appearing, and enjoying at least a very respectable public-library patronage, we must regard as creditable to all concerned. The light essay may lure the reader-for-pleasure away from a too exclusive indulgence in novels to unexpected delights in other literary fields.

"Essays on the Spot," by Mr. Charles D. Stewart, author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" and "Partners of Providence," is a book confessedly lacking the studied unity of a Greek tragedy, but possessing the inevitable unity of the writer's personality and peculiar habits of thought and expression. "My only experience with the Emersonian advice of 'Room alone and keep a journal,'" he tells us, "had been in the middle of a Texas prairie under the stars in space; and that is really room." Much of the dash and freedom of Texas cowboy life has found its way into these highly unconventional records. A typical example is to be found in "The Story of Bully,"—the amazing feats of strength of a Texas steer, with some excellent bovine philosophy interspersed. "On a Moraine" treats of geology and agriculture and human nature in Wisconsin, and is full of shrewd observation. In a wholly different essay on Coleridge's "Kubla Khan," the writer enters territory not quite so familiar to him from boyhood. Ingeniously, though rather laboriously and at undue length, he makes of the fragmentary poem a sort of cosmic myth. "Here do we see," he announces, after quoting the opening lines, "the great Power making the universe. And more especially the blue dome that is over all—the sky and its contents." It is all studiously worked out, and for that reason so much less delightful than Mr. Stewart's spontaneous utterances elsewhere in the book. A chapter

\* ESSAYS ON THE SPOT. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

ON EVERYTHING. By H. Belloc. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HOBBY HORSE. By Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

REST AND UNREST. By Edward Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

on "The Study of Grammar" is original and full of novel ideas; but, again, we like the author better out in the open than in the study or library.

In Mr. Hilaire Belloc's reprinted articles from "The Morning Post" we have a book of light and short essays conceived in the best of moods. "On Everything" forms a companion volume to the same author's similar collection entitled "On Nothing." As in the Hegelian sense "everything" and "nothing" are synonymous, the two sets of essays may be regarded as identical in theme. In seven or eight small pages to an essay, the writer discourses, in a friendly and sometimes intimate fashion, on all sorts of minor topics, choosing often the Baconian form of chapter-heading, as, "On Saturnalia," "On Song," "On High Places," "On Streams and Rivers," "On Old Towns," and "On Rest." His praise of song is enthusiastic and not undeserved; but when he goes so far as to say, "Nor is there any pleasure which you will take away from middle age and leave it more lonely, than this pleasure of hearing Song," he underestimates the calm delights of reflection and silent observation that are the birthright of rational man as distinguished from that other vertebrate biped, the twittering bird. Mr. Belloc's pleasing manner is too well known to need commendation.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland relates that from her earliest childhood her favorite exercise has been what might properly be called ligno-equestrianism; and so, in a somewhat "hobby" mood, she gives us her opinions and pet enthusiasms in a series of thirteen chapters, largely literary in theme, entitled collectively "At the Sign of the Hobby Horse." Especially seasonable is her essay on nature-books, though she does not refrain from a little mild ridicule of the fad-chasing variety of nature-students and nature-writers, and of course she has her word to say about intelligence in animals. In an entertaining chapter on children's books she praises the late Sophie May as "the first realist among the writers for children," and relates how she herself earned the money to buy the "Dotty Dimple" series by denying herself butter for three months. She then deplores what seems to her a marked inferiority in the series succeeding the Dotty books. But she forgets that Dotty herself was the successor to Prudy; and there are to-day hosts of infants as delighted with Flyaway as with the earlier Dotty. We suspect Miss Bisland had outgrown this sort of literature when she tried to recap-

ture the former rapture in the later series. Contemporary magazine poets, with their "diluted little drop of thought in one verse of from four to six lines," are evidently not among the writer's hobbies. Her book is fresh and vigorous and worth reading from beginning to end.

Mr. Edward Thomas's "Rest and Unrest" is made up of nine short studies in human nature—rural human nature in an English setting. They are all pitched in a minor key, with the occasional sounding of a tragic note. Many a glimpse is had of cottage interiors and the inmates there gathered about the hearth or the table. Mention of a certain "crowded meal of new loaves, seaweed 'bread,' bacon, apple pasty, and plentiful thin tea," makes the uninitiated wonder what seaweed bread may be. Local color rather than action—for little or nothing is really done—gives this slender book its character. There is far more of rest than unrest—perhaps an excess of drowsy stillness—in its pages.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### THE NATURE VIRTUES.\*

Although to people who are not enthusiastic over everything that is classed as "Nature" the nature-virtues may not seem virtues at all, no nature-lover has any doubt that they are pre-eminent among human qualities, and as precious as they are rare. The more widespread the fad of pretending to them, the more inimitable they seem to those who are conscious of possessing them.

The first of these virtues is an original estimate of value, quite at variance with worldly and sometimes even with scientific standards. Since the time of Agassiz, who "had no time to make money," the real nature-lover has sacrificed worldly prosperity to the delight of his vocation—or avocation, whichever it may be; at least he has done this if circumstances were not too much against him. He knows quite well that a blue-bird is more beautiful than a bond; that the

blossoming of a violet is more vital than the formation of a syndicate, and that it is a desecration to look upon growing grain with an eye only to the price it will bring in the market. He knows also that a live butterfly is more interesting and more important to science than many dead hippopotamuses. Consequently, if he lives up to his virtues he is more or less regardless of conventions. He does not affect sporting costumes, but "wears out his old clothes"; he rises any time after dark and walks in the most unlikely places to find out what the owl is doing, or to see the crow, when he wakes in the early morning, "yawn with that prodigious black beak after he has withdrawn it from under his wing, then stretch one wing and one leg, as birds do"; he forgoes his Thanksgiving dinner for a couple of sandwiches and a tramp on the seashore; he stays away from the opera to hear the first meadow-lark of the season; he takes his pet bear with him for a walk down the village street; and he weeps, if he feels like it, when the cat that has shared his cabin and been his friend for a season is spirited away.

Such a person is, of course, a being of unquenchable ardor. He can well afford to smile indulgently at the fancied nature-lover whose patience shows itself in sitting comfortably on a bank all day to see the birds go by,—for he himself has knelt three hours in the mud to get a photograph of a marsh-wren, and has been protected from rheumatism by his fervor; he has scaled a forty-foot pine-bole with disaster to his skin, to bring a bear cub down unharmed, and has spent days wading in bogs up to his waist in water. Crowning all his other virtues is that special quality by reason of which he is a nature lover. Call it what you will—catholicity, sympathy, humanitarianism, tenderness, or love—its touch makes the world of men kin with the world of animals. To it the destruction of life, except in defense of other life, is impossible; and the vaunting of trophies—except perhaps those of the camera—is repugnant. This high quality is wholly democratic and inclusive; and though it may recognize the fascination of a humming-bird as greater than that of a loon, or the beauty of a deer as more than that of a porcupine, it esteems and cherishes the individual traits of each.

A small group of this season's nature books exemplify these virtues. Mr. Job, in telling us "How to Study the Birds," adds considerably to the tale of the abundant reward that has come to him in his loiterings in bird-land, and tells explicitly and fully how others may follow in his

\*HOW TO STUDY THE BIRDS. By Herbert K. Job. Illustrated with Photographs from Life by the Author. New York: Outing Publishing Co.

THE BLACK BEAR. By William H. Wright. Illustrated from Photographs by the Author and J. B. Kerfoot. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WILDERNESS PETS AT CAMP BUCKSHAW. By Edward Breck. With Illustrations from Photographs from Life. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

A CYCLE OF SUNSETS. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

WOODLAND PATHS. By Winthrop Packard. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.



footsteps and reach the same delightful results. The novice may learn from this volume where he may find nearly all of our common birds and many of the rarer species, how he would best equip himself, how he should manage his camera and keep his records, and even how to proceed in the delicate task of finding nests. The photographs are many, and unusually beautiful, showing many birds "caught in the act," which have never before been photographed in so intimate a way.

The perfectly unaffected and very entertaining story told by Mr. Wright about a black bear which he caught as a cub and reared to maturity is as good proof as one could ask of the pleasure to be derived from companionship with a dumb animal. Children will enjoy this book hugely, for "Ben" was a jolly, rollicking scapegrace, who had more thrilling adventures than fall to the lot of most children, and always kept his wits about him. The pictures of him in the various stages of his babyhood, and especially when he is learning to ride his pack-horse, are much more amusing than if they were of a human baby. The last half of the book is given to a good study of the black bear and his habits.

Equally worthy of our acquaintance are the "Wilderness Pets at Camp Buckshaw." A crow, a raven, two bear cubs, a moose calf, two sea-gulls, and a porcupine, besides a cat, some dogs, and several young people, kept that happy spot enlivened through a summer, and, in spite of some prejudices among the pets, derived mutual benefit from the experience. There are good portraits of all the members of the democratic family, and the story of their life together is a notable addition to the broader sociology which "Uncle Ned," the leading spirit of Camp Buckshaw, was teaching his "nephews and nieces."

A book of specialized interest is Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd's "Cycle of Sunsets," in which the author describes the most beautiful of the sunsets she saw in a year from her home on Amherst hill. The descriptions are well worth reading, and will have a useful influence if they encourage others to pay more heed to the daily pageant of the western sky. Mrs. Todd weaves a college love-story into her experience of clouds and sunset light, and thus adds a human interest to her calendar of radiant pictures.

A little book by Mr. Winthrop Packard, which the author modestly calls "Woodland Paths," gives very charming expression to the spirit of the true nature-lover. It shows no limitations of preference, except that it is a dis-

tinctly spring book. Crows, butterflies, eels, bullfrogs, the brook, spring dawns and sunsets, Ponkapog Pond and the bogland around it, wild-flowers, weeds, and almost all the birds, are a part of life to the author, and he has the grace of words to convey the poet's meaning which he gathers from them. A sense of humor is almost always latent, too, in his view of things. In explaining why the March hare goes mad, he says:

"Mad March winds are a good test of stability of soul. He who can stand their weltings with serenity, can watch his unanchored personal belongings go mad with the March hare, and still thrid the sombre boskage of the wood with sunny thought and no venom beneath his tongue, ought to be President. Even the New York papers could not make him bring suit."

Mr. Packard's "Woodland Paths" lead, as he suggests the roads about Ponkapog do, "from the land of humdrum to the country of romance." Unpretentious as are the pages of his book, they stir in one the virtue of imagination — which also should have been mentioned as one of the chief of the nature-virtues. For example, he says:

"I never tramp these roads, which it sometimes seems as if the pudwudgies moved about in the night for the confusion of men, without being lost, at least for a time, and finding a new boulder to worship. Once, thus lost, I found a little gem of a pond, which hides in the hollows a half-mile or so east of Pongapog Pond. This, too, I fear the pukwudgies move about in the night, for I hear of many men who have found it once and sought it again in vain."

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

#### A VARIED GROUP OF GARDEN BOOKS.\*

To the chagrin of the many prophets of evil who foresaw the cessation of all life which was to follow the plunge of the good old Earth into the tail of Halley's Comet, seedtime and harvest are still to be depended on, and year by year new generations of toilers must be taught what

\*LITTLE GARDENS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Myrta Margaret Higgins. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

INDOOR GARDENING. By Eben E. Rexford. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

CHILDREN'S GARDENS FOR PLEASURE, Health, and Education. By Henry Griscorn Parsons. Illustrated. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

IN PRAISE OF GARDENS. Compiled by Temple Scott. New York: Baker & Taylor Co.

THE GARDEN MUSE. Poems for Garden Lovers. Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by William Aspinwall Bradley. With frontispiece. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co.

A HISTORY OF GARDENING IN ENGLAND. By Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil. Third edition. Illustrated. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.



men have already learned by way of coöperation with those seasons. To sow, to reap — of all the arts of man, these are the most symbolic; and in right sowing and right reaping depend all things everywhere.

It would seem to be almost an instinct — the desire that leads a man who has grown a cabbage or planted an orchard, or a woman who has achieved the art of bedding out a plot of hardy perennials, to set forth his or her experience in a book. The reviewer of even a part of the annual output of garden books must often shake his head over the problem of grouping into a well-balanced article the widely separated themes and styles which gather themselves on his table at this time of the year.

Four volumes on the list now to be considered may be classed as pleasant and profitable handbooks for beginners in the art of gardening. In Miss Higgins's "Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," both style and matter are simplified to a degree which would make its pages a delight to a child of ten or twelve years old who had a bit of ground all his own, a very little money, and an honest heart turned in the right direction. From Mr. Rexford's long experiences in "Indoor Gardening," many harvests have already been gathered. He has long sat as chief justice in a court of appeals to which countless readers of journals devoted chiefly to household affairs have turned in troubled hours, and from the endless questions which he has been asked concerning ailing rubber-plants or despondent geraniums he has learned exactly how to put into words the advice most needed by owners of a window-full of potted plants, or the more fortunate proprietor of a small greenhouse. There be folk who will gain more hope for the welfare of the republic from Mr. Parsons's study of "Children's Gardens" than from official announcements of many "Dreadnaughts" or the convening of delegates of many congresses of peace. "True and well-balanced conceptions of the great game of life" can nowhere be more successfully taught than by observation of and coöperation with the laws that govern plant-life, upon which all sociological problems, directly or indirectly, depend. The inspiring pages of Mr. Parsons's book have for their basis the work at the Children's Farm School at Dewitt Clinton Park in New York City; and so well is that work done that it is hard to see why a second book need be written on that subject for years to come. Into "The Garden Primer," Miss Tabor and Mr. Teall have condensed many of the facts which all

gardeners ought to know, but which many have yet to learn, the result being a handbook both pleasant and valuable. Good advice about soils, fertilizers, insecticides, and fungi-destroyers, outweigh in value the appended "Kalendar," which is not infallible.

From handbooks like these, one turns to another world in the collection of verses "In Praise of Gardens," compiled by Mr. Temple Scott. The margins of its pages are not all that could be desired, but otherwise the setting of the poems is satisfactory for a book which is of a happy price that permits it to go on many bookshelves where the costlier volumes are barred out, and of a pocketable size which is an added recommendation for it now that garden-days are here, and there are those who can even read in gardens. On each alternate page a dial-inscription serves as headline, and the divisions into which the selections are grouped are also prefaced by dial-lines. The range of poets is both long and broad: Homer sings of the Garden of Alcinoüs, Theocritus of later Greece, and King Solomon his old Asian Canticle. The vernal melodies of Chaucer usher in the songs of the English bards, which extend from Elizabethan days to those of the king who has just laid down the sceptre of the island famous alike for its gardens and its poets. There are loved voices for which we listen here in vain, but the omissions are comparatively few when all things are considered.

Still another anthology of garden verse is Mr. W. A. Bradley's "The Garden Muse," published almost simultaneously with Mr. Scott's volume, noted above. The compiler in this case "has simply sought to please himself, and those whose taste chimes with his own, by weaving a chaplet of choice garden flowers culled more or less at random from the richest and rarest pastures of poetry." Mr. Bradley has a right eye and ear for the best poetry, and the bouquet which he has brought together is of a fragrance and diversity to delight every one who, either in fact or fancy, owns a garden.

So comprehensive and scholarly a book as Mrs. Cecil's "History of Gardening in England" has heretofore scarcely crossed the Atlantic to show us the difference between the best we can do in gardens and the splendid things of which the mother country can boast in countless instances. As the Honorable Alicia Amherst (now Mrs. Evelyn Cecil), the writer of this noble volume has had the inestimable privilege of a life-long association with the great library of her father, known as the Amherst Library; and in the

exhaustive bibliography which serves as one of the appendices to this history, she attests her familiarity with an astonishing number of the great old books of the great old English horticulturists. We learn something of the sincerity of her studies from the short preface to the three editions of the work already published, in which, speaking of her preparation for deciphering the old English and old Latin (or Latinized English) of the deeds, leases, rolls, and other manuscripts necessary to her work, she says: "I learnt to read the cramped handwriting and abbreviations of the old records I had to consult, by practising on the Wyklif, Northwode, Hampole, and other fourteenth century manuscripts, to which I had free access at my home." Some fifteen years ago Mrs. Cecil was given the Freedom of the Gardener's Company, and was furthermore admitted to the Freedom of the City of London — honors almost never bestowed upon a woman — in recognition of her scholarship, as evidenced in the present work. As one turns these absorbing pages one sees the old-time life of England, political, social, and ecclesiastical, interpreted through its gardens in a manner wholly fresh and delightful. The "brief island-story" is told, not to the thunder of the captains and the shouting, but in the beneficent flowerings and fruitings which came of changes and developments of the national life. The Romans built walls that have crumbled and vanished, but a list of Saxon plant-names show how many fruits and vegetables they introduced. The Norman Conquest affected the common people through the new methods of horticulture introduced; the Crusaders brought home strange Asian growths; and from the wild searovers many treasures were gained from foreign shores. The Tudors gardened very differently from the monks who had kept the gentle art alive through long ages, and the Jacobean had yet other plans than those of the days of the Georges and Victoria. Every great event that has affected England — the Revolution, the Edict of Nantes, the Boer war — has meant something new, something beautiful, to the old gardens, whose yew hedges and pleached alleys have sheltered so many generations that the life of one man is but an incident in their quiet growth. Mrs. Cecil's tireless industry has made it possible for us to identify almost every plant named by our oldest poets and garden-writers, and she has chosen her illustrations so fitly that they include facsimiles of ancient MSS., plans and elevations of noteworthy estates, portraits of eminent herbalists, and photographic reproduc-

tions of old iron gates, fountains, leaden statues, and topiary work, all of which may be studied with profit and delight. The great lessons which her book has for Americans lie in the noble use of evergreen hedges, in the salutary humility which recognizes that such historic gardens can never be for us, and a becoming gratitude that our friends across the sea hold their treasures in such tender reverence.

SARA ANDREW SHAFER.

#### BOOKS OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.\*

After the firing of heavy artillery in the African wilds for the past year, and the resultant discharge of a score of books that have sometimes enlivened but more often deadened our sense of the glory of the chase, it is pleasant to hear the softer snap of the camera, and to see the game after the shot, still on its feet, in the splendid illustrations in Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore's excellent book entitled "Camera Adventures in African Wilds." These illustra-

\*CAMERA ADVENTURES IN THE AFRICAN WILDS. An Account of a Four Months' Expedition in British East Africa. By A. Radclyffe Dugmore. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

FIGHTING THE SLAVE-HUNTERS IN CENTRAL AFRICA. A Record of Twenty-Six Years of Travel and Adventure. By Alfred J. Swann. With introduction by Sir H. H. Johnston. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

PEAKS AND GLACIERS OF NUN KUN. A Record of Pioneer-Exploration and Mountaineering in the Punjab Himalaya. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. Illustrated in color, etc. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CRUISES IN THE BERING SEA. A Record of Further Sport and Travel. By Paul Niedieck. Translated by R. A. Ploetz. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A VAGABOND JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD. A Narrative of Personal Experience. By Harry A. Franck. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

A WOMAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE PHILIPPINES. By Mary H. Fee. Illustrated. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE SHIP-DWELLERS. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

GLIMPSES AROUND THE WORLD through the Eyes of a Young American. By Grace Maxine Stein. Illustrated in color, etc. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co.

OUR SEARCH FOR A WILDERNESS. An Account of Two Ornithological Expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana. By Mary Blair Beebe and C. William Beebe. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

UP THE ORINOCO AND DOWN THE MAGDALENA. By H. J. Mozans. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WALKS AND PEOPLE IN TUSCANY. By Sir Francis Vane. New York: John Lane Co.

TENT-LIFE IN SIBERIA. Adventures among the Koraks and Other Tribes in Kamchatka and Northern Asia. By George Kennan. Revised edition. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PICTURESQUE ST. LAWRENCE. By Clifton Johnson. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

tions, a hundred and forty in number, selected from several hundred negatives made by the author, are likely to lead the reader to think that snap-shooting game in Africa is mere child's play. The text will, however, prove that nervous prostration is more likely to follow the man with the camera than buck-fever is to attack the man with the gun. A charging rhinoceros at a distance of fifteen yards may be an excellent target and a sure bag for a modern gun, but as the object of a harmless camera it presents quite a different picture. Yet Mr. Dugmore got one of his best photographs under just such conditions. At another time he and his companion set up a thorn-shed for protection, made preparations for "flash-lighting" lions, and when the lions came within three yards of the hiding-place, growling in a nerve-racking fashion and displaying fantastic shapes in the dark, the daring sportsmen not only released the flash-light but calmly went out into the field where the four lions were in concealed quarters, and re-set their apparatus. A typical passage in the volume recounts the photographing of a herd of buffalo, considered by African hunters to be one of the most dangerous of all game.

"I returned with the utmost caution to where the cameras were, and after making everything ready, crawled through the grass as carefully as possible toward where the buffalo were still feeding. In some way they had become suspicious, and were sniffing the air in a way that boded ill for me and my chances of obtaining any pictures. Not daring to go nearer than about 125 yards, I quietly lifted the camera above the level of the grass, focussed carefully, and with trembling fingers pressed the button . . . Were they getting ready to charge? and if so, what should I do? I had no rifle with me, and my companion was some distance away; and at any rate, what would one rifle do in the way of stopping such a large herd if they meant mischief? There being no visible means of escape, I could see nothing to be gained by wasting time in conjecturing; so I distracted my thoughts by taking another photograph just as one of the big bulls was bellowing. Then to my great relief they turned tail and retreated to the shelter of the deep forest. As they went I got one more picture just before the herd had disappeared."

Though Mr. Dugmore went into the African wilds primarily for just such scenes and pictures, his book has the additional charm that comes from a wide sympathy for all natural beauty and from a sympathetic understanding of man in his savage state as revealed in the native tribes dwelling in British East Africa between Nairobi and Guaso Nyiro. Such a book as this, with its large page, clear type, and wonderful illustrations, will appeal to a far larger circle of readers than the multitude of books on Africa that are now finding their way to the reading table.

Another book on Africa has lately appeared that is worthy of serious attention — Mr. Alfred J. Swann's "Fighting the Slave-Hunters in Central Africa." The author's residence of twenty-six years, from 1882 to 1909, in the great lake region of the Dark Continent, makes him one of those who can speak with authority on the history of the overthrow of the slave-trade carried on during the last quarter of the nineteenth century by Tippu-Tib and his partner Rumliza, together with other notorious slave-drivers. The primeval African wilderness makes a startling background for Mr. Swann's account of his efforts to wipe out the nefarious human traffic which existed around Lakes Nyasa, Tanganyika, and Victoria Nyanza, and of his ultimate success in establishing a rigid patrol and a protectorate for the hapless natives. The human element in this tragic drama played for so long a time in Central Africa assumes almost heroic proportions in the great trades. Mr. Swann's account of African development will enlighten many readers, both missionaries and others, who have followed Livingstone's and Moffat's accounts of their efforts to heal "Africa's open sore" in the British dominions.

The sumptuous volume entitled "Peaks and Glaciers of Nun Kun," by Mrs. Fanny Bullock Workman and Dr. William Hunter Workman, will appeal particularly to those who have scaled high places on the globe. Students of geography too will find the present volume, like all the well-written narratives of these famous mountaineers, bristling with statistics of that little-known group of mountains lying about a hundred miles east of Srinagar, in the Province of Suru, southwest of Ladakh and northwest of Zaskar in the Himalayan region. These mountains were first seen by the authors in 1898, when they were making another exploration in Northern Ladakh; but their determination to explore the wondrous snow-bedazzled rock-peaked range was postponed until 1906, when they succeeded in making more extensive discoveries and more accurate investigations of the Nun Kun range than any other explorers have succeeded in doing. Mrs. Workman's ascent of Pinnacle Peak is a record ascent for women — twenty-three thousand and three hundred feet. "It was indeed," says Mrs. Workman, in speaking of the septette of great peaks rising in solemn majesty in the weird crepuscular light, "a *Dämmerung* of the mountain-gods, different in meaning from Wagner's *Gotterdammerung*, yet filled with the same spirit as that which inspires his finest *Nibelungen* music, the deep



significance of Nature." Four sleepless nights, an excessive scarcity of oxygen, a diet of granular kola, and a temperature ranging from high summer heat to below-zero cold, with the resultant depressing mental and physical difficulties, made up some of the personal cost for this glorious sight in the dwelling-place of the gods. Ninety-two superior illustrations of mountain scenery enhance the beauty and interest of the work.

Mr. Paul Niedieck's volume entitled "With Rifle in Five Continents," published last year, was apparently so well received that the author hastened to publish his more recent experiences in Siberia and Alaska in a book having the title "Cruises in the Bering Sea." This account is different from that recorded in his first book, in that it deals more with ethnological observations and with the natural resources of the countries traversed. Nevertheless, the author—who may be fittingly characterized as one of the globe-chasing Nimrods now so numerous—is best seen in his natural guise of a mighty hunter. After a not uninteresting account of his voyage from Seattle to Japan, he takes us bear-hunting with him in Kamschatka, thence to Marsovg Bay after bighorn sheep, and on to Petropanlovsky and Anadyr to Cape Meechen after walruses—the latter quest, however, meeting with no success. This part of Mr. Niedieck's book is marked by such a remarkable tale of things going awry that it makes uncommonly good reading, for the author is not at all reluctant to lay the blame on other shoulders than his own. The second part of the book, which relates to Alaska, tells about the history and development of that land, its mythology, industries (especially gold-mining) salmon-fishing and fox-breeding, and the manners and customs of the nations. The last part of the book tells the story of the author's adventures in the moose country. Though he makes lamentable moans for the continued mishaps that befell him during his seven months' trip in Siberia and Alaska, he may rest assured that his second book has gained such strength of structure and breadth of view that it is far superior to the rambling discursiveness of his first attempt.

Mr. Harry A. Franck's unusually interesting volume, "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," is a venture in the field of those famous student-tramps, Flint and Wyckoff. After some varied experiences as a tramp in vacation-time, during his college days at Ann Arbor, he planned a two-years trip around the world, of which he says:

"The chief object of investigation being the masses, I made no attempt during the journey to rise above the estate of the common laborer. My plan included no fixed itinerary. The details of route I left to chance and the exigencies of circumstances. Yet this random wandering brought me to as many famous spots as any victim of a 'personally conducted' tour could demand; and, in addition, to many corners unknown to the regular tourist."

With but scant equipment of means for the journey, but with the merry heart and stout will that characterizes the true vagabond, the author made his way from Detroit to Glasgow by tending cattle; earned his living in Marseilles as a stevedore and "handy man"; shipped as a sailor to Port Said, where he pounded beans for a living; acted as interpreter, scribe, and guide in Beirut, and as a translator in Jerusalem; ran errands in Cairo; played the circus clown in Colombo; inspected the street-cars in Madras; "fagged" on the tennis-courts at Delhi; worked as a general laborer in Calcutta, Burma, Yokohama; and made his way home as a sailor, and landed in Chicago as a cattle-tender. His conclusion is that "A man *can* girdle the globe without money, weapons, or baggage." Few books of travel will hold the reader's attention closer and set his emotions astir quicker than this one.

Miss Mary H. Fee was one of the host of school-teachers who followed the flag into the Philippines; but, unlike many of her associates, she had the fortitude to remain there long enough to gather more than surface impressions. A decade of work in the islands, chiefly at Capiz and Manila, enabled her to gather sufficient interesting and instructive material to write her book of "A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines." Though Miss Fee has a goodly amount of humor—an excellent thing in a school-teacher—and plentifully sprinkles her volume with it in describing her ardent endeavors to engraft western civilization on the hybrid native stock, she dwells at length on the greater problems of the political, religious, social, and industrious conditions of the Filipinos. American readers generally, at this season of the year, will be ready to agree with Miss Fee that the future of the Philippines is more likely to be determined by the introduction of the great American game of base-ball than by the insistence that the Filipino youngsters should learn to sing "My Country 'tis of Thee" every morning! Were old Fletcher of Saltoun to revise his statement, he might say, "Let me make the games of a nation, and I care not who makes its songs." But Miss Fee, after a furlough in America, is quite content that



the "hurry-up" ideas of her native land should remain there; for she finds the Philippines a pleasing place — "a mañana country, a fair, sunny land, where rapid transportation and skyscrapers do not exist." Her conclusion is, however, that this fair land, now wavering between American domination and the growing national sentiment for independence, with the possibility of Japanese guns some fine morning awakening the echoes of 1898 in Manila Bay, is in a very unenviable position. Miss Fee's volume adds nothing particularly new to our knowledge of the people of the Philippines, but it is not unworthy of having a place among the books pertaining to our foreign possessions.

Very fittingly, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine has dedicated his book entitled "The Ship-Dwellers" to "Mark Twain, Hero of my Childhood, Inspiration of my Youth, Friend of These Later Years." In his introductory chapter the author tells of the influence that Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" exerted on his boyish imagination, and how as he grew older he learned that the track of the Innocents might be a reality for him. This possibility was made a certainty one day when he heard that "the S. S. Grosser Kurfurst would set out on her cruise to the Orient with two tons of dressed chicken and four thousand bottles of champagne." The days at sea remind the author, and to some small extent the reader, of the days that the lamented author of the greater book spent in that questionable pleasure. Then we pass with Mr. Paine through his humorous account of his progress along the shores of the Mediterranean, to Algiers, Malta, Athens, into the Dardanelles, to Ephesus, into Syria, down to Damascus, following in the steps of the pilgrims of yesterday and to-day, to Jerusalem, thence to Egypt, and home again. When Mr. Paine writes of his personal experiences, and those of his companions, he is capitally diverting and original. The many pages of serious matter in the book are uncommonly instructive, so much so that we wish the author had not followed in his humorous master's tracks with such painfully short legs.

"I am merely a reporter of impressions," is the remark written by Miss Grace Maxine Stein on the title-page of her book, "Glimpses Around the World through the Eyes of a Young American." When one starts from Chicago for a trip around the world *via* the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Flowery Kingdom, "The Core of Conservatism" [China], "The Pearl Drop in India's Brow" [Ceylon], "The Cradle

of Civilization" [Egypt], "The Land of Kings and Prophets" [Palestine], "The Garden of Europe" [Italy], thence through a series of properly adjectived lands, back to "The Land of the Free and Home of the Brave," and when one with equal propriety fortifies oneself with fitting or fitful quotations from the world's great classics, then one may very rightly call one's observations impressions. Unkind persons may describe these impressions as gossip; while those who have a blunter way of putting things, but a more intelligent way of looking at them, may be inclined to associate the impressions with that cosmopolitan dish called "chop suey." For our part, we are disposed to apply that much overworked word, *naïve*, to Miss Stein's impressions of the world as she saw it, — with the reservation that she makes no attempt to solve the world-problems as they presented themselves to her wondering eyes. If any reader of books of travel has never read a book about a trip around the world, he may as well begin with this one. It will introduce him to the facts and the fictions of the notable objects on the globe with sufficient accuracy and with a corresponding appeal to the emotions, so that he may continue to read more about the world without impaired mental indigestion.

In the volume entitled "Our Search for a Wilderness" we find "an account of two ornithological expeditions to Venezuela and to British Guiana," by C. William Beebe, curator of ornithology in the New York Zoological Park, and his wife, Mary Blair Beebe, the granddaughter of Roger A. Pryor. The first of these expeditions, made in 1908, was up the Orinoco Delta into the unknown mangrove jungles, thence to the great pitch-lake La Brea. In 1909 these enthusiastic bird-hunters made three trips from Georgetown: one to Hoorie Creek in the northwest; another on the Aremu and the Little Aremu in Central Guiana, and the third to the southern Savannas. More than three hundred and forty living birds, of sixty-five species, were captured and placed in the zoological collection. The authors carry something of the brilliant coloring of their tropical surroundings into their narrative. Their stories of the hunting ants, the wonderful butterflies, the talon-winged hoatzil bird of the mangrove wilderness, the song of the quadrille bird, the strutting of the curassow, the flight of the scarlet ibis, the penetrating cries of the wilderness of monkeys, and the multitude of things that make life a constant surprise in a land but little ex-

plored and never fully described, will appeal to the unscientific because of their newness and to the scientific because of their fidelity and instructiveness.

"Up the Orinoco and down the Magdalena," by Dr. H. J. Mozans, is "the record of a journey made to islands and lands that border the Caribbean and to the less frequented parts of Venezuela and Colombia." Our general impression is that South America is a land teeming with a variegated animal life; but the author, after spending a year in the land, dissipates that impression into thin air. "Nowhere along the Orinoco, the Meta, the Magdalena, or elsewhere, did we ever catch even a glimpse of a jaguar or a puma, a manati or a sloth, a wild cat or a wild pig. More than this, not once during our entire trip through Venezuela and Colombia, through forests and plains, did we ever see a single monkey, except two or three that were kept as pets by the natives." The birds, too, which we have always imagined as clouding the sky, the author informs us are conspicuously absent. The uncommon interest of this book will cause its readers to desire to see the author's next volume, to be entitled "Along the Andes and down the Amazon," which is promised by Dr. Mozans in his preface.

The journeys of Sir Francis Vane, recounted in his attractively printed book entitled "Walks and People in Tuscany," were a continuous triumphal procession "of quite the best sausages I have eaten." Seemingly, all out-of-the-way quaint old towns lost their picturesqueness unless they accorded the author the welcome of Montemignajo: "We arrived there certainly as prepared to enjoy the pleasures of lunch as the more æsthetic pleasures of landscape." The twenty-five chapters of the book centre around Florence and Bagna di Lucca. Each chapter concludes with a short predigested account of roads and personally-tested inns. Practically all of Sir Francis's walks took him to little-known communities — to Tucecchio, the homeland of the Bonapartes; to Ferrara, with its ideal castle; to Montelupo, the place where the monster she-wolf (whence the name) once saved the inhabitants from destruction; to San Martino, an *imperium in imperio*, the only existing example of a fourteenth century Italian republic; and to Turrice di Cava, with its pastoral mystery play. Here and there in the book Sir Francis rises to the height of his subject, especially when he points out some vivid contrast between the Old and the New Italy;

and he tells us much of interest about this secluded region little travelled and undefiled by tourists.

Mr. George Kennan's "Tent-Life in Siberia" is now a classic in the literature of travel. First published in 1870, the work has since gone through many editions in the old familiar blue binding, until now it is reissued in a more befitting dress, with a new preface, new illustrations, and some new subject-matter. This revised edition contains about fifteen thousand added words — "including 'Our Narrowest Escape' and 'The Aurora of the Sea,' and it also describes, for the first time, the incidents and adventures of a winter journey overland from the Okhotsh Sea to the Volga River — a straightaway sleighride of more than five thousand miles." The illustrations are from paintings made by Mr. George A. Frost, who was with Mr. Kennan on his expedition, and from photographs taken by Messrs. Jochelson and Borgoras, two Russian political exiles. If unique experiences by field and flood, unusual hardships in a detestable land, hazardous explorations among a strange people, and a keen appreciation of the various natural scenery of Siberia, attract the present generation of readers of books of travel, then this new edition of an old favorite is worthy of its new dress.

Mr. Clifton Johnson's book on "The Picturesque St. Lawrence" sets forth the story of the settlements along the great river, and details the historical settings that lend such an awe-inspiring aspect to the river from Lake Ontario to the Gulf, a distance of seven hundred miles. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Johnson's own illustrations greatly enhance the value and interest of the book, which is one of the excellent volumes in the "Picturesque River Series."

H. E. COBLENTZ.

MR. FRANCIS H. ALIEN, who was associated with Mr. Bradford Torrey in the editing of Thoreau's complete Journal, has brought together in a volume entitled "Notes on New England Birds" (Houghton) all of Thoreau's references to bird-life to be found in the fourteen volumes of the Journal. As Mr. Allen points out, Thoreau was a writer before all else, — a describer rather than an observer, one too intent on analogy to become a trained scientist; and so for scientific accuracy we must go to other and duller writers. But we can never go elsewhere for the finer and rarer qualities that permeate his work. To have collected these scattered bird notes into a single compact volume is a service for which nature-lovers should be grateful.

## RECENT FICTION.\*

It is quite safe to say of Mr. Thurston's "Sally Bishop" that it is not a work to be recommended for the reading of the young person. The more difficult question of its fitness for the older person, presumably fortified by virtuous principle and knowledge of human wickedness, cannot be given so simple an answer. It belongs to a large class of books constructed upon a too familiar formula. A young woman sins, and discovers the consequences to be more serious than she had reckoned upon their becoming. She is just weak enough to make the sin inevitable, the impelling circumstances being given; and from the time of her lapse to the tragic ending, the writer's every effort is bent to the task of making her a sympathetic figure, and of weakening the props of our moral judgment. She is so good in most respects, and her seducer is so far from being a villain of melodrama, and the cry of her soul for happiness is so poignantly voiced, and the whole bewildering entanglement is set forth with such artfully sentimental sophistry, that the most austere reader is in danger of being beguiled from his adherence to the elementary standards of conduct, and forced almost against his will to condone the woman's offence. This is the subtlest form of immorality, and its corrosive influence affects a large share of our modern fiction; the present example is more notable than most others because of the unusual power which it displays in the analysis of motive and the portrayal of character. As far as most of the attributes of artistic fiction are concerned, it comes near to being a great novel; but the canker is at its heart. Unless we are to take refuge in the comfortable doctrine that there is no such thing as sin in

\*SALLY BISHOP. A Romance. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

FORTUNE. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

THURSTON OF ORCHARD VALLEY. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

LADY MERTON, COLONIST. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

POPPY. The Story of a South African Girl. By Cynthia Stockley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NATHAN BURKE. By Mary S. Watts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

CALEB TRENCH. By Mary Inlay Taylor. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

A MODERN CHRONICLE. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PREDESTINED. A Novel of New York Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A VIGILANTE GIRL. By Jerome Hart. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

THE ISLE OF WHISPERS. A Tale of the New England Seas. By E. Lawrence Dudley. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE RED SYMBOL. By John Ironside. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE SKY-MAN. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: The Century Co.

any absolute sense, and that the demand for expiation is a morbid self-delusion, we are bound to condemn the treatment given the theme in all such works as "Sally Bishop," and to resent the effort to make us substitute sentimental for ethical standards in our theories of conduct. It will doubtless be replied that all this is begging the question; for our modern thinking is so permeated with hedonism that the very rocks of principle have become slippery, and all the categorical imperatives of old-fashioned morality are marks for the shafts of skepticism. But we are still confident that the marks are not as "easy" as they seem to their light-hearted assailants.

We notice that Mr. H. G. Wells now classifies his works of fiction as "romances" and "novels." The former group includes all the wonderful inventions that have to do with Martians and lunar expeditions, and air-ships and comets, and fantastic biological imaginings. These works are romantic enough (in the sense of the romance of science), and they appear all the more so when contrasted with the smaller group, which makes us acquainted with Mr. Lewisham and Kipps, and the haughty Ann Veronica, and the hero of "Tono-Bungay," and the Mr. "Elfrid" Polly who now claims our attention. When Mr. Wells comes down to the plane of ordinary mortality, he seems to feel it his stern duty to depict for us types of depressing meanness and blatant vulgarity. No Bohemian of the Latin Quarter was ever quite so hard on the *bourgeoisie* as Mr. Wells is by habit and malice prepense. We presume this is a manifestation of the *doctrinaire* element in his writing, and that he thinks his socialist propaganda best served by filling us with contempt for man as he is actually shaped by the existing social pressure. Mr. Polly is perhaps the meanest of all his creations. A draper's assistant at first, then a small shopkeeper on his own account, married to a slattern, he becomes so disgusted with life that he attempts to escape from it by a combination of arson with suicide. The latter does not come off, because his nerve fails him (he is going to do it with a razor); but the shop is burned up, and the insurance money collected from an unsuspecting company. He then deserts his wife; and the rest of his story (as far as it is told us) is an Odyssey of vagabondage followed by an Iliad of warfare for the occupancy of a humble post as handy man in a rural tavern. All the figures in this tale are caricatures, often highly amusing ones, but Mr. Wells is so much attached to the mannerisms of his invention that he worries them to death. It is amusing for a time to guess at Mr. Polly's meaning when he says "rockcocky," and "allitrition," and "altaciation," but it proves wearying in the long run. The author's humor is everywhere in evidence, and not all of it is of this low type; but the smiles which it provokes are apt to be dreary. On the whole, we find less entertainment in this book than in the astronomical and biological fantasies.



Mr. J. C. Snaith is a man of surprises. Each new book that he gives us is the exhibition of a new manner, and his accomplishment comprises the real or the romantic, the sordid or the ideal, the comic or the tragic, about as he pleases. His latest venture, called "Fortune," is a study in the archaic picaresque, being concerned with the Spanish adventures of Sir Richard Pendragon, a valiant braggart whom we at first barely tolerate, but at last come to admire and almost to love. He suggests at times Don Quixote, Falstaff, Captain Fracasse, D'Artagnan, and Zanglobo; and the setting-forth of his exploits is after the fashion of Mr. Maurice Hewlett as exemplified in "Richard Yea-and-Nay." The scene of this romance is the Spain of several centuries ago—a period not too exactly defined—and the interest increases steadily in joyousness from beginning to end.

Mr. Harold Bindloss, in his "Thurston of Orchard Valley," gives us another novel constructed in accordance with his familiar formula. An Englishman, more or less unfortunate or handicapped at home, goes to the new world to build up his fortune. His goal is British Columbia; and there he engages upon a struggle for the conquest of nature which arouses all his latent energies. His beginnings are of the humblest, and he encounters obstacles that would break a less determined spirit, but he overcomes them with undaunted energy. A heroine appears at the proper juncture, to provide him with inspiration. She is far above him socially, and has to struggle long and strenuously with her inherited ideals before she can admit, even to herself, that simple strength and sincerity of character outweigh all the external attributes of a man. In the end, of course, she yields sweetly and wholly, in the hour of her lover's dramatic triumph over the hostility of nature and the villainy of man. Mr. Bindloss has told this story a dozen times before, but each time with an interest that makes it seem almost fresh. We should say that he has never told it more effectively than in this latest book, which is distinguished for fertility of invention and straightforward dramatic action. Thurston makes a very satisfactory hero, and his engineering exploits are difficult and daring enough to hold us fairly breathless. The author does not indulge in subtleties of analysis, and his characters are never deeply convincing in their psychology; but he has a feeling for nature that he knows how to make contagious, and an instinct for the picturesque. If the company to which he introduces us is made up of lay figures, it is at least an interesting society,—and it must not be forgotten that most of the people we meet in actual life are hardly more than lay figures in our consciousness.

When we read Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Merton, Colonist," we almost suspect that she has taken a lesson from Mr. Bindloss; for she has given us essentially the same pair of lovers that his books acquaint us with, provides them with the same background in the Canadian Northwest, and writes with the same glowing enthusiasm of man's struggle

with nature on that outpost of civilization. That she has bettered the instruction in some respects, goes without saying, for her style always has something of the quality of distinction, and she sees deeper into characters than the facile psychology of Mr. Bindloss. Lady Merton is an aristocrat to the fingertips, and George Anderson—the self-made and self-reliant colonial—is somewhat handicapped by being the son of a drunken reprobate; but love finds a way—or, rather, Mrs. Ward finds a way for it—and the outcome is all that could be desired by the most sentimental of young women readers. The author has evidently been a good deal impressed by her Canadian journeyings, and it is also evident that the C. P. R. has seen to it that she should be impressed in the proper way; her voice rises at times to a positive psalm in praise of the new country, its possibilities and its enchantments. There has been nothing like it since Charles Eliot Norton came to Chicago, was personally-conducted to its sights, and proclaimed his discoveries to the world. It must be confessed that the literary fruits of Mrs. Ward's American travels are not exactly what we should have expected. The present example is almost as curious as its predecessor, which was heralded as a study of life in the United States, and turned out to be a tract on the divorce problem, with a Spanish-Irish lady for a heroine. We cannot say that either of the books has added materially to the author's reputation.

It is evident that the colonial note is destined to be heard with increasing insistence in the chorus of British fiction. The self-consciousness and the sentiment of local patriotism that are so rapidly developing in the far-off lands that owe allegiance to the British crown are rapidly making their way into literature, and are bringing with them a new coloring and a new imagery. This is all to the good; and the freshness of the new portrayals goes far to atone for what crudity they still exhibit. We may fitly link upon this occasion Miss Cynthia Stockley's "Poppy," a romance of South Africa, with Mrs. Ward's Canadian venture. Since Miss Schreiner first took us by storm, we have had nothing from South Africa more impressive than this vivid and glowing romance of an Irish waif blossoming into opulent womanhood under the skies of Natal. The story is immensely complicated, and will not bear summarizing; but it all centres about the heroine, who sinned and was not defiled, and for whose pure and passionate nature "a peace out of pain" was finally wrought by the mysterious agencies of destiny. So vital a creation is not often met with in the pages of fiction, and even the book of life does not frequently reveal a woman whose emotions are raised to so high a power. This superb central study is combined with many others, sharply-lined but kept in proper subordination, and with various picturesque and dramatic accessories which contribute to the total impressive effect. The book lacks something in coherence and lucidity, but of its remarkable power there can be only one opinion.



"Nathan Burke," by Miss Mary S. Watts, is one of those novels which aim to give a cross-section of American life as it appears to the sympathetic observer in some carefully-chosen place and period. It is much the same sort of book as Mr. White's "A Certain Rich Man"—equally generous in dimensions and equally overloaded with details—but having the Ohio of the forties for its scene, instead of the Kansas of a later half-century. It is also a book that reveals a great deal of minute historical knowledge and a remarkable power of characterization, besides being informed with a very wholesome idealism. Its hero is the Nathan Burke of the title, a backwoods youth when we first know him, then a resident of Columbus, where he passes through the stages of chore-boy, grocery-store clerk, and fledgling attorney; then a volunteer soldier in the Mexican War; and finally a battle-scarred veteran of about thirty returning to civil life. His story is unfolded in the most leisurely way, and he tells it himself from the vantage-point of his later years, although the narrative is mostly given in the third person. When he drops into the first person, as is now and then the case, the effect is a little confusing, for we are apt to fancy that the author is speaking on her own account upon these occasions. While the book is essentially a work of fiction, a great deal of actual history is imbedded within it, and many adroit touches are added for the purpose of making it seem like a real autobiography. The Mexican War scenes take up nearly half the book, and give us an intimate view of that inglorious episode in our history. Otherwise, the story is historical only in its faithful reproduction of the conditions of life in those early Western days—the social customs, the forms of speech, and the phases of political opinion. The characters offer a great variety of types, are sharply individualized, and are presented with a sympathy which embraces even the most despicable among them. It is life itself that the author gives us, rather than the artificial arrangements of life found in most novels; her people are real people rather than the studies of virtue and villainy that we usually get, and that are so much easier to make. The story is doubtless too long-winded at times, but it is so human that we cannot complain seriously of its length. It is certainly a remarkable product of the sympathetic imagination, and one of the surprises of the season, coming, as it does, from a writer hitherto almost unknown.

The novels of Miss Mary Imlay Taylor always suffice for entertainment, and exhibit a constantly increasing skill in their construction. They give us familiar situations worked out upon familiar lines, and never worry us with problems or perplex us with casuistry. The familiar story told us in "Caleb Trench" is that of the man of the people who from humble beginnings makes his way to the esteem of the community in which his lot is cast, and to the heart of the young woman who is destined for him, but whose wealth and social position

seem to set her too far apart for hope. We know, of course, that the chasm will be bridged, and that the haughty maiden's pride will be subdued; we know also that the man will reach his goal by deeds of prowess, and will suffer discouragements that would break the resolution of almost any man not the hero of such a romance. The scene of these sentimental operations is a town in the South, somewhere near the Mississippi; and the plot makes a judicious mingling of political with private interests. The rival aspirant for the heroine's hand is clearly marked for defeat in the eyes of the practised reader, and the sum of villainies piled up against him is very satisfying. Seducer, embezzler, and murderer, he betakes himself to other scenes when the revelation is imminent, and Caleb, to whose charge most of the offences have been laid, comes in on the home-stretch without a rival in sight. Incidentally, he wins in the political game also, and sees a Republican governor elected in a hidebound Democratic Commonwealth. We should call this the best story that Miss Taylor has thus far produced.

Neither the romance of American history nor the network of American parochial politics is given us in Winston Churchill's latest novel, but instead a study of the restless luxury-loving young woman of these later days, who drains the cup of pleasure until she makes the natural discovery that there are dregs at the bottom. The novel is called "A Modern Chronicle," and its heroine might quite properly be classified with the collection made for our edification in Mr. Herrick's "Together," while her environment is perhaps rather more suggestive of that which Mr. Chambers is wont to provide for those of his readers to whom the ways of "society" are always an object of alluring and envious interest. Honora Leffingwell begins her life in Europe, although of American parentage; but she is orphaned when hardly beyond infancy, and transported to St. Louis, where she finds a home with Uncle Tom and Aunt Mary. It is a simple and charming home, sweetened by all the elements that enter into true human happiness; but Honora has inherited worldly instincts, and she has glimpses of glittering things just beyond her reach that seem to her infinitely desirable. When she visits some wealthy friends in their summer home on the Hudson, she becomes so enamoured of luxurious living that she accepts, almost without reflection, the proposal of marriage made her by a commonplace stock-broker. His self-confident manner and general air of prosperity win him an easy victory, upon which follow the years of inevitable disillusionment. When Honora at last reaches the breaking-point, she obtains a divorce, and throws herself into the arms of a masterful Rochester sort of man, who takes her to his Virginia plantation to live. But his conservative family and neighbors have old-fashioned ideas of morality, and the couple find themselves practically ostracized. The husband thereupon develops a violent temper, and, one day seeking to work it off, is thrown from a vicious horse and instantly killed.

More dark years then follow for Honora, until, a chastened and ennobled woman, she accepts the devotion of Peter — simple, homely, faithful Peter — the childhood friend whose love has never failed her, and whom, had she possessed any discernment of character, she would have married in the beginning. The story is indeed "a modern chronicle," paralleled by countless examples in our age and country. Such women as Honora have a great deal to say about the individual's right to happiness, and do not understand, until taught by stern experience, that the only right recognized by the order of nature is the right to suffer the full consequences of impatient folly and a false perspective of the value of life. Mr. Churchill's heroine learns the lesson very thoroughly, and we leave her at the close with the belief that she will really profit by it. We think also that the author has shown himself fairly free from the fault of most novelists who deal with similar types and situations. He does not, in other words, permit judgment to become dissolved in sentiment, nor does he coerce his readers into a sympathy, which makes the heroine appear to be more sinned against than sinning, more a victim of circumstances than of her own unregulated will. For the rest, Mr. Churchill seems to have acquired a closer hold upon life than his romantic excursions have heretofore evidenced, and he has also improved in his literary technique, although his style is still far from achieving anything like distinction.

"Predestined," which is described as "a novel of New York Life," is the work of Mr. Stephen French Whitman, a writer whose name we have not before seen upon a title-page. If it is a first novel, it is a surprisingly good one, — a portrayal of character both vivid and penetrating, a study in realism shot through with poetic glints. Its hero is ironically named Felix, and his predestination is to become entangled with one woman after another, and with each new affair to sink lower in the scale of degradation, becoming in the end a hopeless derelict. He is endowed with most of the graces and some of the virtues; but a fatal weakness preys like a canker upon the core of his being. In early manhood, he learns with a shock that the fortune he had supposed would come to him has disappeared, and that he must gain a livelihood by his own efforts. He wins the love of a beautiful and noble-hearted girl, who might have saved him from himself, but speedily forfeits her respect and his own happiness by a *liaison* with the wife of one of his friends. His next affair is with a "chorus lady" of mercenary instincts, who throws him over when she discovers that his castles are all in Spain. Then he is attracted by a faded and plaintive creature who has been abandoned by her husband. This time he actually marries, and drags out a miserable existence in her company until her death sets him free. There is not much more to relate; his progress to the gutter is now rapidly accelerated, and he dies a suicide. In outline, it is a gloomy enough story; but in detail it seems less sombre, because the gloom is relieved by

much cheerful incident, and by the sense of a life which is at least intensely lived, if with no high ultimate purpose in view. The hero's occupation (he is a journalist) gives a kaleidoscopic pattern to his career, and the promptings of his better nature keep him in close contact with our sympathies, despite the lamentable lack of self-restraint which is his undoing. We instinctively murmur, "Oh, the pity of it!" when we come to the closing pages of this ill-starred record.

California in the fifties — in the period when crime was rife, when the arm of the law seemed paralyzed, and when well-meaning citizens thought they were doing civilization a service by organized lawlessness — is the scene of "A Vigilante Girl," by Mr. Jerome Hart. The veteran editor knows his subject thoroughly, and exhibits a fair degree of accomplishment as a novelist, although it is only proper to say that his tale is more important in its instructive than in its constructive aspect. As a piece of fictive art, it is rather mechanical and disjointed; but as a detailed reproduction of the life of a half century ago on the Pacific coast — the wild politics and the wild money-getting, the unbridled corruption and the untamed passion — it is vigorous and effective. We must say that the hero does not stir us to any very warm sympathy, but the heroine is quite satisfactory. She is called "a vigilante girl" because she at first defends the vigilante methods; but she learns in the course of time to recognize in them a menace quite equal to that of the crime which they were designed to combat. This seems to be essentially the attitude of the author, and we cannot doubt that it is justified by a dispassionate historical survey of the whole unique situation.

"The Isle of Whispers," wherewith Mr. E. Lawrence Dudley's ingenious romance is concerned, seems to be only a few miles out of Boston, but it is the headquarters of a gang of pirates whose methods are both original and entertaining. A young New York stockbroker is the hero, and his yacht is wrecked upon the island in the first chapter. The rascally inhabitants are ruled over by an aged reprobate who has a beautiful daughter. The new arrival falls in love with the girl (who is surprisingly innocent of the nefarious character of her father's enterprises), and accepts in pretended good faith the offer of a partnership in the pirate business. But he contrives to get word to the authorities, who make a descent upon the island, and obtain possession after a bloody scrimmage. The old man is killed, while the hero and heroine escape together, and land in New Bedford. It all makes a capital yarn, quite as plausible as we have any right to expect, and the excitement is not allowed to flag for a moment.

The romantic novelist, casting about for a plot, may easily do worse than find one in the history of the revolutionary movement in Russia. Hardly any other available field offers such attractive possibilities for melodramatic effects, and a reasonably fresh story is almost always to be found in that quarter. We have read at least a hundred such

stories, and yet confess that "The Red Symbol," by Mr. John Ironside, proves vastly entertaining. It is based upon the happenings of the past five years, which serve to make it really fresh in the literal sense. The hero is a dashing American, and the heroine is — twins. These sisters are so much alike that the hero, although otherwise a person of much perspicacity, cannot tell them apart, and thus we are enabled in one chapter to mourn over the tragic death of the heroine, and in the next to make the pleasing discovery that she is alive and safe. The plot all hangs upon a mysterious secret organization, and has the usual concomitants of the chosen symbol, the midnight assassination, the tribunal which judges traitors, the accomplished spy, the gallant rescue, and all the rest.

The romance of the air is clearly destined to rival the romance of the sea as a motive for the story of adventure. Among the pioneer uses that have already been made of it, "The Sky-Man," by Mr. Henry Kitchell Webster, is easily the most successful. So thrilling a tale, indeed, and one so good for boys of all ages, has not recently come within our reach. The hero, erstwhile an American officer in the Philippines, has been falsely charged with unbecoming conduct, has left the service in disgust, made himself an exile from civilization, and devoted himself so successfully to the art of flying that when the story opens he is disporting himself in the Arctic solitude, a true monarch of the kingdom of the air. He is cumbered with neither aeroplane nor dirigible, but simply straps on his wings (measuring a hundred feet from tip to tip), and makes something like a hundred miles an hour at his own sweet will. One day he becomes mixed up in a complicated situation in the northern wilds. The complication has three elements: the remnants of a polar expedition long given up for lost, a piratical crew rescued by the survivors and afterwards treacherously turning against them, and a yachting company sent out in search of the lost explorers. In this latter party is the daughter of the lost leader of the original expedition, and thus a heroine is provided for our sky-man hero. These two are marooned for the winter on an ice-bound coast, and near them lurks all the while the pirate chief, seeking for an opportunity to destroy them, but for a time awed into inaction by his superstitious terror of the huge bird-like creature that he occasionally sees hovering in the air. When he discovers that this aerial monster is only a man with wings, he forces matters to a speedy conclusion, and is killed after a desperate struggle. Nothing now remains to be done but to provide a second rescue expedition for the two young people (now avowed lovers), and we leave them upon their return to civilization, having brought back with them a ship-load of gold. Every sort of romantic satisfaction is thus provided, and in liberal measure, by Mr. Webster, who has the merit of knowing how to write in addition to that of possessing an unusual fund of knowledge and inventive ingenuity.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### VARIOUS BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

*Diversions of a fisherman in western waters.* At a time when South Africa has served so conspicuously as a field for the hunter, the photographer, and the adventure-seeker, a book devoted to sport and travel in our own country comes as a novelty. Professor C. F. Holder's "Recreations of a Sportsman on the Pacific Coast" (Putnam) is a welcome diversion in a home field. The author has fished in the deep seas of the Pacific and in the streams of the high Sierras and Cascades — has trailed swordfish in the waters off San Clemente Island in Southern California and moonfish off the Channel Islands near Santa Barbara, has "killed" salmon in the bay of Monterey and trout in the mountain streams of the whole Pacific coast, has "angled" in the crater of Mount Mazama and chased whale with a revolver. On many of his expeditions he has been accompanied by other noted sportsmen, among them Mr. Gifford Pinchot and Mr. Stewart Edward White. The frontispiece shows Mr. Pinchot and Mr. White trolling for swordfish in San Clemente Channel, an exciting account of which adventure is given by the author, who, in a small launch on a dead black night, aided Mr. Pinchot in his struggle with a swordfish weighing a hundred and eighty pounds. We quote a stirring passage:

"The work cut out for Pinchot sitting in a skiff going at five miles an hour, stern first, against a sea, in the dark, was to reel in a fish fighting mad or crazed by fear, that was anything from ten to twelve feet long. . . . Now I could see him dimly bracing to it, pumping with all his strength, gaining a foot to lose two, literally hauling the skiff up over the flying swordfish, and standing all the strain on the tip of his rod and his arms. That it was a good and hard fight, only those really know who have tried swordfish or tuna. The fish never rests; he fights until he is dead, until the end. When you rest, he rests twice as fast, and to rest is to lose. . . . Suddenly I heard a shout of elation from Pinchot. 'We've got him alongside.' The wind was blowing a high sea and tossing us about. Before I knew it I saw Joe [the Mexican in the skiff with Pinchot] directly underneath us, and I nearly lifted that coughing, hicoughing eight-horse-power engine out of the launch trying to back her away. But it was too late; a big sea tossed me over, and they seemed to suddenly come at me out of the night. I did not hit the skiff, but I disconcerted Joe, who thought I was aboard of them, and he yelled, 'I've lost him!' The gaff had slipped, or he had lost his hold, and there was a smashing, rolling, surging, and bounding, choice talk in Spanish. Then came Pinchot's voice, 'I've got him by the tail!' And so he had. He held the floundering swinging fish with grim desperation until Joe got a fresh hold, and a rope about him, and, as Pinchot told me later, he determined to 'hang to his fish if he went overboard.'"

Besides being the most enthusiastic of sportsmen, Mr. Holder is a thorough man of science; and thus the account of his recreations has a double interest. His attitude, too, is that of the born angler — that angling should be approached as an art, and results considered as incidents. Like the immortal Walton, who "went fishing that he might commune with all the beautiful things of life and nature, sometimes forgetting his angling for echoes, the songs of birds and milkmaids," Mr. Holder finds interest in the quieter aspects of the game, and



devotes pages to descriptions of some of the most picturesque portions of the western coast. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the author and his friends, and are a decided addition.

*Trees and tree-lore of England.*

"Trees and Shrubs of the British Isles" is the title of the latest tree-book on our table. Messrs. Cooper and Westell of London are the authors, Mr. Newall is the artist, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the publishers. The work is in two rather sumptuous looking quarto volumes, with sixteen full-page colored plates, and seventy of the same dimensions in black and white, from Mr. Newall's drawings. The reader thinks at once of Sargent's monumental "Silva," with its half-thousand species and hundreds of lithographic plates; but with such a work the present volumes do not at all invite comparison. Sargent's is a descriptive history, telling all that is known concerning each arboreal species; the present work is more in the style of a handbook designed for practical men and intended to be of every-day use to the lover of trees in the "green-walled garden." The opening sentence tells us that the work has been prepared to enable the reader to identify the trees of the British Isles, and to present much valuable information on such subjects as insects and fungoid pests, the more common galls, etc. Such a book, it would seem, should be offered in one volume, bound in oil-cloth or some similar fashion, that it might be of omnipresent service: we fear the smear of the gardener's thumb or the touch of rain-drops on these handsome covers. About half of the first volume is devoted to what may be esteemed "valuable information." This part of the work consists of a glossary, a list of "Latin roots" and Greek "root-words," a calendar to show the date of flowering for the listed species, an introduction full of "a number of things," and four chapters on insects, galls, and fungoid pests. The glossary descends to great detail of erudition, giving even the Saxon origin of English words; "acuminate" is cited among Latin roots, "latex" is derived from *lac*, and "paraphysis" from *para* and *phylon*, etc. The chapters on plant-maladies and their remedies will be found serviceable; it may be noted in passing, however, that the American gardener who would attempt to follow English prescription here must use kerosene where *paraffin* is cited. The descriptive pages follow the order of the older books, beginning with the crowfoots. There is no objection to this, but the text should be covered by some sort of a key that would enable the less expert reader to name an unknown species or to find the description of familiar forms. As the matter stands, your ordinary gardener or reader can refer to a description only as he knows the name of what he seeks. The illustrations are generally excellent. The colored plates are three-color half-tones. The plates from drawings are striking in effect; they remind one of the old wood-cuts that made intelligible the lore of the herbalist and the botanics of long ago. In fine, these volumes, although primarily

for English use, are of interest also in these western fields. Fully a fifth of the species described are North American plants; and it will interest every lover of trees and every friend of out-door art to see to what extent the wild beauty of this newer world has been transplanted in its freshness to adorn and beautify still further the loveliest gardens of the world.

*Tending trees and saving them.*

In Mr. B. E. Fernow's volume on "The Care of Trees" (Holt) we may find lessons in a very practical sort of tree conservation. Here we are taught the care of individual trees, how to look out for our pets, the special favorites of park and street-side and lawn. We are told how to plant trees, how they must be trimmed and tended if they are to realize our higher sense of symmetry and dendritic beauty. Full information is given relative to soils, tools, fertilizers, and repairs that go on either naturally or artificially; for in these days there is "an art which does mend nature," an art which in this case is *not* nature,—"tree surgery" the gardeners name it,—an art by which to the "brotherhood of venerable trees" new life is given. One thing it seems the author here forgets to urge: all our care and skill avail not unless we first select a proper tree. Trees of the same kind differ in *habitus*, and for happiest ultimate attainment must be carefully selected. Half the present volume is given thus to arboriculture; the remainder is a descriptive and well illustrated list of species suitable for planting, with their advantages and disadvantages in particular locations. The list of both trees and shrubs includes those suitable for every section of the eastern side of the continent. Many species are cited as "half-hardy" or "half-hardy as far as Ottawa." A half-hardy species is sooner or later wholly disappointing, and may as well be at once stricken from the category. A list of trees and shrubs perfectly hardy as far north as Ottawa or Chicago—and there is possibly such a list—might be brief, but would be extremely useful. The book is a convenient and valuable addition to our literature concerning trees. It is more to be commended for matter than for manner. Our author speaks for himself on this point: "This book is not a sentimental effusion on the beauty and need of trees, but a compilation of information such as the owner of trees may be in search of."

*The pensive oyster and retiring clam.*

It is not a simple matter to combine within the covers of a single book a discussion of food-mollusks which is of interest to the connoisseur of blue-points and little-necks, to the oyster-culturist in Narragansett, Chesapeake, Mobile and Willapi Bays, and to the naturalist interested in the biology of mussels and their relatives the scallops, oysters, and clams. Professor Kellogg has succeeded admirably, however, in his volume on "Shell-Fish Industries" in Holt's "American Nature Series," in making an attractive and entertaining book for all who are interested in these animals, whether as food or for industrial or scientific



purposes. The work deals with the structure, life history, and habits of the important shellfish used as food, and gives a rather full account of the oyster fields on the American coasts and of the methods of culture, capture, and marketing, in vogue both here and in Europe and Japan. The enemies of the oyster and means of combating them are discussed, and the relation which uncooked oysters and clams bear to the spread of typhoid fever is plainly set forth. The book also contains a number of original observations on the structure, physiology, and natural history of the oyster and clam, here published for the first time. The book is essentially an American work, and deals only with the principal edible mollusks of the Eastern Coast. The great part which the parcels post plays in the distribution of the enormous product of the French oyster-beds throughout Europe might well have been mentioned. One looks in vain for mention of periwinkles, abalone, or the delicious octopus of Naples which can at least claim relationship to the shellfish. Our great fresh-water clam-shell industries, the pearl fisheries and mother-of-pearl industries, are scarcely noted in the book. As with other natural resources of our bountiful country, we have wasted and exterminated our food supplies of our coasts, raked our oyster and clam beds bare, and, worst of all, we have ruthlessly fouled their waters with industrial wastes and sewage of our great cities. Fortunately, there are great stretches of coast, especially in the south, well suited for the development of oyster culture under scientific methods, both profitable and productive of a cheap and abundant food supply. To plant and reap and distribute this harvest of the sea is the problem of the future. Professor Kellogg's book will help on the good work.

*A tourist's talk of his travels.*

Professor Harry Thurston Peck is in a happy vein, a vein of holiday jocularity touched now and then with amiable derision and good-humored sarcasm, in his latest collection of reprinted sketches. "The New Baedeker, being Casual Notes of an Irresponsible Traveller" (Dodd) possesses a pleasantly personal and engagingly anecdotal character which is at the furthest possible remove from the business-like curtness of Herr Baedeker's highly useful manuals. Nevertheless the book is dedicated to the pious memory of the Leipsic guide-book publisher, and is bound in the familiar Baedeker red cloth, but without the Baedeker maps and hotel-lists and currency-tables and careful indexes. But the New Baedeker, unlike the old, is a book to read at home and for fun, not to be carried in hand by the neck-craneing tourist "doing" three cathedrals and four art-galleries in a day. Both foreign and domestic travel are treated in the book, Part I. taking the reader to Havre and Trouville, Berlin, Rome, Rouen, Brussels, Malines, and Liverpool; and Part II. revealing the peculiar charms of our own Portland (Maine), Boston, Lake Pleasant (Mass.), Utica (N. Y.), Trenton Falls, Atlantic City, and the "savage beauty" of the scenery on the Canadian Pacific Railway—all

appropriately illustrated from photographs. That the book is no dry catalogue of things seen, that it is not at all an orthodox guide-book, we may prove conclusively by ending this notice with a stanza from its author's metrical diversion at the close of his chapter on Rome. "Roma Recentiorum" is the title given to the poem, the third stanza of which trips it nimbly in the following manner:

"Where Claudia mocked the rabble rout  
And laughed its helpless rage to see,  
Now giggles as she flits about  
Some cheerful chit from Tennessee;  
And where great Caesar passed in state  
And where Catullus kept his tryet,  
Now potters with uncertain gait  
The blear-eyed archaeologist."

*An antidote to drowsiness.*

Another "inveterate individualist," as Mr. George Sylvester Viereck calls himself, has some opinions of his own to declare in a book of European impressions entitled "Confessions of a Barbarian." It is Germany especially that has inspired these journalistic jottings, which are now gathered into a handy volume of two hundred pages. The author, a German-born American, has those impartially divided sympathies that fit one for depicting the peculiarities of one nation in a manner that shall amuse the readers of another while giving offense to neither. The positiveness of omniscient youth gives to his utterances no uncertain ring, and his short-snappy sentences are an excellent antidote to summer drowsiness. Some of the questions which he takes up jauntily and settles conclusively in a few pages have to do with the morals of Europe, the character of the German Emperor, the intellectual drama, Gambrinus and Bacchus, inspired bureaucracy, and the philosophy of militarism. Youth and impressionability disport themselves in Mr. Viereck's pages, the writing of which must have been great fun for him, as we hope the reading will be to others. (Moffat, Yard & Co.)

*Right ideas of nature-study.*

The little volume by Professor L. H. Bailey, entitled "The Nature-Study Idea" (Macmillan), brings us the latest word on this important topic. The idea of nature-study should be simple enough, one might think; it ought to be plainly the study of Nature—the natural world. But the hyphenated title here stands for something different—something that would describe an educational effort of some years standing, designed to interest children and youth in Nature and her ways, all apart from the more formal presentments of science. The effort is really an outcome of the kindergarten movement, and was at first, and is yet in some places, the application of kindergarten methods to the investigation of more familiar natural objects. The attempt was in some instances unfortunate. Some of the nature-study text-books are downright nonsense. The play-idea involved in the kindergarten system, when carried into the fine movement of natural things, is apt to

degenerate into myth and foolishness. Professor Bailey would have us see the outside world just as it is, just as it lies before our unaided senses. His laboratory is the open field, and his nature-study is like that of Gilbert White, Thoreau, and Burroughs. We are carried away, in these days, by revelations of the microscope, and are in danger of losing that fine sympathetic appreciation of out-door objects which must ever lie at the basis of all true nature-study, and of true science as well; for nature-study, in the right sense, may not traverse science. Nature-study need not be systematic. It does not especially care for the relations of things, except as these are related to the observer and claim his appreciation and love. Science is formal and severe; nature-study is natural and human, and should contribute directly to the interest and individual happiness of men. The present volume is really a revised edition of a valuable book published some years ago. Professor Bailey is indefatigable, and we have here not only much new matter but a thorough revision of the former text. The pages are full of suggestions born of wide and wise experience, and deserve careful reading by teachers and nature-lovers generally.

*Gardening  
in a library.*

Redolent of the odors of field and forest and flower-bed, and bright with the manifold colors wherewith nature adorns the earth, "A White-paper Garden," by Mrs. Sara Andrew Shafer, brings into the study as much, perhaps, of the glorious out-door world as it is in the power of pen and paper to transfer. Its qualities make their appeal, of course, not to the bodily senses, but to the finer perceptions of the mind and the imagination. "A garden for the garden-less" the writer calls her book, which she has designed especially for those country-bred city toilers who pine for a sight of the green fields and blossoming hedges of their childhood. "I will have a garden!" she declares. "Reams of paper shall be my acreage, and pen and ink shall be my spade and trowel." The work is divided into twelve parts, one for each month of the year, and each combines description and reflection with seasonable horticultural advice. Twenty-eight illustrations, four of them colored, are provided, with the aid of the camera. It is a pleasing book, admirably conceived and lovingly executed. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)

*In the field with  
horse and hound.*

Mr. Frank Sherman Peer is a veteran sportsman, and "The Hunting Field with Horse and Hound" (Kennerley) is the second book he has written based on his experiences of cross-country runs here and abroad. He tells of fox-hunting in New and Old England, at the famous Meadowbrook and Old Rose Tree Hunts, in Virginia, in North Carolina by moonlight, in Scotland, and in Ireland. He has pursued coyotes and jack rabbits in Colorado, stags with Lord Rothschild's pack, wild red deer in Devonshire, and wild boar at Baron de Dorlodot's French preserve. He has enjoyed milder sport with the foot beagles at

Oxford and with the Essex otterhounds. His experiences are narrated in an easy, natural fashion, and the distinctive methods of each section are made prominent. Photographs of fine packs, big "meets," exciting runs, and distinguished masters of hounds, are supplemented by a few colored plates from spirited hunting pictures.

#### NOTES.

"Morning Star" is the title of Mr. H. Rider Haggard's new romance, which the Messrs. Longman will publish immediately.

The probable title of Mr. William de Morgan's next novel, which Messrs. Holt & Co. announce for early publication, will be "An Affair of Dishonour."

Mr. James Oppenheim, whose "Dr. Rast" stories have been widely successful, has written a novel entitled "Wild Oats," which Mr. B. W. Huebsch will publish next month.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc, the genial English M.P. who has already given us volumes "On Nothing" and "On Everything," will soon issue a new book called "On Anything."

Mr. John Adams Thayer, who was a co-partner with Erman Ridgway in establishing "Everybody's Magazine," has written an account of his eventful business career, which Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co. will publish immediately.

An authorized work on the life and times of King Edward was nearly completed at the time of the King's death, and will soon be published under the editorship of Sir Richard Holmes, the official biographer of Queen Victoria.

A new book by Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt, author of "The Little Brown Brother," is announced by the Dodge Publishing Co. Its title is "Biffel: A Trek Ox," and it has to do with the experiences of a South African draught ox.

When toying with the phenomena which have become the stock in trade of the new mysticism, Björnsterne Björnson wrote, about forty years ago, a little book called "Wise-Knut." Mr. Bernard Stahl has just put this story into English.

Mr. Edmund Dulac, whose colored illustrations form a distinctive annual feature of the holiday season, is preparing for the coming Fall a series of paintings to illustrate "The Sleeping Beauty" and other old French fairy tales, as retold by A. T. Quiller Couch.

On the same plan as her successful little book called "Science through Stories," Miss Constance M. Foot has prepared an account of "Insect Wonderland" (John Lane Co.), in which the essential facts of insect life are made attractive and intelligible to the youngest reader.

The late Alexander Johnston's useful "History of American Politics" is to be still further enlarged for its fiftieth edition by Professor Winthrop More Daniels. He will continue the volume from the first administration of McKinley to the inauguration of President Taft.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, the young English poet, has written an imaginative verse drama, "The Forest of Wild Thyme," which Sir Herbert Tree is to produce in London and later in America. It is possible that Mr. Noyes will visit this country at the time of its presentation here.

The Japanese artist Yoshio Markino, whose charming interpretations of London, Rome, and Paris have attracted wide attention, has written an account of his interesting life, which Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co. will publish soon under the title, "A Japanese Artist in London."

It is announced that beginning with the July issue "The Forum" is to be published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley of New York, though it will continue to be owned by the Forum Publishing Company, of which Mr. Isaac L. Rice has been the president since its formation twenty-four years ago.

The Academy of Pacific Coast History publishes in pamphlet form Miguel Costanzo's "Narrative of the Portolá Expedition of 1769-1770," giving the text in both Spanish and in English translation. This publication is edited by Messrs. Adolph van Hewert-Engert and Frederick J. Teggart, officers of the Academy.

Volume V., Part 2, of Philip Schaff's "History of the Christian Church" carries the chronicle to what may fairly be called the close of the Middle Ages—that is, to the beginning of the Protestant Reformation. This new volume of a monumental series is the work of Dr. David S. Schaff, and is published by the Messrs. Scribner.

Mr. L. H. Bailey's "Manual of Gardening," lately issued by the Macmillan Co., is a combination and revision of the main parts of the same author's well-known "Garden-Making" and "Practical Garden-Book," together with much new material, the results of later experience. A better book in its field is not likely to appear for a long while.

Mr. Horace Kephart, author of an authoritative manual on "Camping and Woodcraft," now issues through the Outing Publishing Company a little manual of "Camp Cookery," in which the camper-out of whatever degree of experience or proficiency is likely to find many useful suggestions toward the enhancement of his alimentary welfare while in the woods.

A new book by Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, to be called "The Land of Living Men," will be brought out by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. in the early Fall. This author's books are having a very large circulation in Germany at the present time, and his "In Tune with the Infinite" is published in translation in eleven different countries, while an edition in Esperanto is now being brought out in London.

Miss Harriet L. Keeler, the author of two excellent handbooks on American trees and shrubs, now publishes through the Messrs. Scribner a popular study of "Our Garden Flowers," describing in detail their native lands, their life histories, and their structural affiliations. A profusion of well-executed illustrations in half-tone and line add to the usefulness of a volume which must be considered practically indispensable to the amateur gardener.

Mr. William Swan Sonnenschein's valuable reference work, "The Best Books," is soon to be issued in a new and revised edition by the Messrs. Putnam. All the matter in the old editions that remains of value has been retained; the characterizations have in many cases been changed, and much added, bringing the record of literature down to the end of 1909. The whole contents of the book will probably cover more than 100,000 titles.

Under the editorship of Professor Joseph Jastrow of the University of Wisconsin, Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish a series of volumes intended to consider

the several aspects of mental life of largest theoretical and practical interest, and to survey the ethical, social, and æsthetic aspects of human nature in relation to their origin, development, and influence. The books will be simple in treatment and will have a direct appeal to the general reader. Among the titles in preparation are "Psychology in Common Life," "Character and Temperament," and "The Health of the Mind."

A bathechairman with a leaning toward literature is the unique discovery recently made by Mr. H. G. Wells. Under his encouragement, George Meek, who for nineteen years has pushed and pulled a bath chair up and down the Parade at Eastbourne, has written an autobiography whose naked simplicity and unaffected realism has attracted marked interest among the London reviewers. Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish the book in this country.

A blend of Epictetus, George Borrow, John Ruskin, and his own refreshing and underived self, appears in that finely conceived character, already familiar to readers of Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Open Country,"—John Maxwell Senhouse, whose "Letters to Sanchia" are now published by the Messrs. Scribner in a small volume extracted from "that true tale" above-mentioned. To have created such a character as Senhouse is to have lived and labored not in vain, and Mr. Hewlett has done his readers a favor by issuing this separate collection of his original utterances.

Announcements of English fiction for the coming Fall season include, among others, the following titles: "The Creators" by Miss May Sinclair, "Mr. Ingle-side" by Mr. E. V. Lucas, "Clayhanger" by Mr. Arnold Bennett, "All the World Wondered" by Mr. Leonard Merrick, "Lady Good-for-Nothing" by Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch, "Panther's Cub" by Mr. and Mrs. Castle, "Rest Harrow" by Mr. Maurice Hewlett, "An Affair of Dishonour" by Mr. William de Morgan, "Second String" by Mr. Anthony Hope, "Daisy's Aunt" by Mr. E. F. Benson, and "The Golden Silence" by Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. It is safe to say that all these books will be published in this country also.

The first number of "The Romanic Review" has made its appearance from the Columbia University Press. "A quarterly journal devoted to research . . . in the field of the early Romance languages and literature," the new review proposes for itself a definitely limited field; and within the limits set, its work bids fair to be scholarly and valuable. One may object to the choice of "Romanic" instead of "Romance" in the title; but, barbaric as it is, the Germanism is of course better fitted to indicate the philological character of the new periodical. If the promise of the table of contents is carried out as a definite policy, as would seem likely from a consideration of the choice of editors, we can only lament that the university attitude toward the Romance literatures is developing the same tendencies which have so largely helped to drive out Greek and Latin from our undergraduate curricula. Why should the cry of "dilettanteism" drive our scholars away from purely literary studies? Why should we consider Molière or Balzac less worthy of scholarly study than Raoul de Cambrai or the provenance of some forgotten *Chanson de Geste*? However, this perhaps is a minor objection. Romance scholarship in America has always been a bit self-conscious, and it is eminently fitting that it should become conscious of itself in a special review.



## TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

June, 1910.

African Game Trails—IX. Theodore Roosevelt. *Scribner*.  
 Agriculture, Scientific Work in. W. J. McGee. *Pop. Science*.  
 American, A Plain, in England. C. T. Whitesfield. *American*.  
 American Preparatory Schools. Arthur Ruhl. *Scribner*.  
 American Water Color Society Exhibition. *Int. Studio*.  
 Animals, Microscopic, of the Sea. H. J. Shannon. *Harper*.  
 Art, A Criticism of, in America. Charles H. Caffin. *No. Amer.*  
 Atlantic Fisheries Dispute. F. T. McGrath. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Atom, The Question of the. E. K. Duncan. *Harper*.  
 Bell, Robert Anning, Work of. T. M. Wood. *Int. Studio*.  
 "Best-Sellers," Perpetual. E. T. Tomlinson. *World's Work*.  
 Bible Study in India. Clayton S. Cooper. *Century*.  
 "Big Hill," Passing of the. C. F. Carter. *World's Work*.  
 Bird Flight and Air-Navigation. *Century*.  
 Birds, Intelligence in. F. H. Herrick. *Pop. Science*.  
 Book-Man, Pleasures of a. H. Buxton Forman. *Atlantic*.  
 Camera Portraiture. C. H. Claudy. *World To-day*.  
 Carnegie Institute Exhibition. Lella Mechlin. *Int. Studio*.  
 Chantecler, Rostand's. Max Nordeau. *Bookman*.  
 Child-Labor Problem, The. O. R. Lovejoy. *No. American*.  
 Circus People, Earnings of. I. P. Marcosson. *Bookman*.  
 Clam-Farm, The. Dallas Lore Sharp. *Atlantic*.  
 College Democracy. Arthur T. Hadley. *Century*.  
 Conversation, Some Tediums of. H. H. Harbour. *Atlantic*.  
 Country Schoolteacher, A. F. W. C. Dew. *World's Work*.  
 Courts, Cruelties of our. John M. Gitterman. *McClure*.  
 Democratic Party, The. Ray Stannard Baker. *American*.  
 Dix, Enlabe, Miniatures by. N. J. O'Connor. *Int. Studio*.  
 England and Mark Twain. *North American*.  
 Egypt, English Influence in. H. C. Morris. *World To-day*.  
 Egypt's Reply to Roosevelt. Sheikh Ali Youssuf. *No. Amer.*  
 European Drama in America. Clayton Hamilton. *Bookman*.  
 Farmer, Profits of the. R. S. Lanier. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Fraternal Life Insurance, The Weakness in. *Everybody's*.  
 Gardening as a Mental Cure. Bolton Hall. *World's Work*.  
 German-English Situation, The. The Schlemann. *McClure*.  
 Girl Graduate, The. Agnes Repplier. *Century*.  
 Golf, The Secret of. Arnold Haultain. *Atlantic*.  
 Graft, The Elimination of. Brand Whitlock. *World To-day*.  
 Graver-Printers in Color Society. W. L. Hanky. *Int. Studio*.  
 Harpignies, Henri, Charcoal Work of. H. Frantz. *Int. Studio*.  
 Harvard College, The Case of. J. Cattell. *Pop. Science*.  
 Headache, What not to do for. E. A. Forbes. *World's Work*.  
 Health Foods, The Makers of. T. Armstrong. *World To-day*.  
 Herkimer, Sir Hubert Von, Lithographs of. *Int. Studio*.  
 Holy Land, The—V. Robert Richens. *Century*.  
 Hull-House, Twenty Years at. Jane Addams. *American*.  
 Income Tax, The. W. E. Borah. *North American*.  
 Independence Day. J. B. Huber. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Indian Fairy Book, The. Spencer Trotter. *Pop. Science*.  
 Inland Waterways, Development of. S. O. Dunn. *Scribner*.  
 Insanity, Preventable. T. W. Salmon. *Pop. Science*.  
 Iron Ore, The Supply of. H. M. Howe. *Atlantic*.  
 Italy, The King and Queen of. Xavier Paoli. *McClure*.  
 Johnson, J. G., Collection of—II. William Rankin. *Int. Studio*.  
 Justice, Delays of. Hugh C. Weir. *World To-day*.  
 King George, Sketch of. W. T. Stead. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Kohler, Fred, Chief of Police. Frederic C. Howe. *Everybody's*.  
 Letter Writing, Extinction of. George Fitch. *American*.  
 Lindsey, Judge,—A Reply to his Critics. *Everybody's*.  
 Lodging, in the 18th Century. E. S. Bates. *Atlantic*.  
 Madison, Mrs., First Drawing-Room of. G. Hunt. *Harper*.  
 Manchuria's Strategic Railroad. T. Iyenaga. *World's Work*.  
 Marseilles, Deshier Welch. *Harper*.  
 Medical Education in America. A. Flexner. *Atlantic*.  
 Mexico, A Holiday in. Garton Foster. *World To-day*.  
 Mexico, Investments in. T. K. Long. *World To-day*.  
 Molière and Louis XIV. Brander Matthews. *Scribner*.  
 Moress, Jean. William A. Bradley. *North American*.  
 Mormon Colonies in Mexico. G. C. Terry. *World's Work*.  
 Negro Children, Needs of. B. T. Washington. *World's Work*.  
 Patents and Industrial Progress. W. Macomber. *No. Amer.*  
 Peace versus War. Andrew Carnegie. *Century*.  
 Pitching, The Wonders of. H. S. Fullerton. *American*.  
 Platt, Senator, Autobiography of. *McClure*.  
 Playground, A New National. G. E. Mitchell. *Rev. of Revs.*  
 Plays, Unproduced. John Corbin. *World's Work*.  
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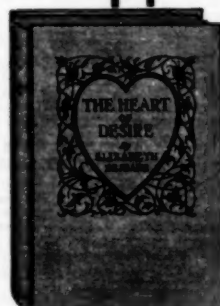
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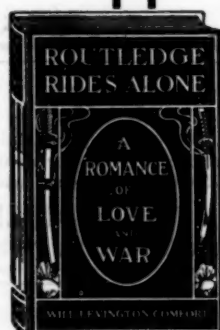
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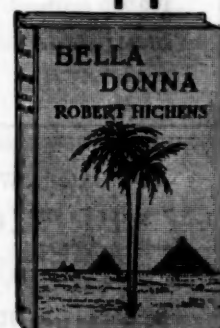
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